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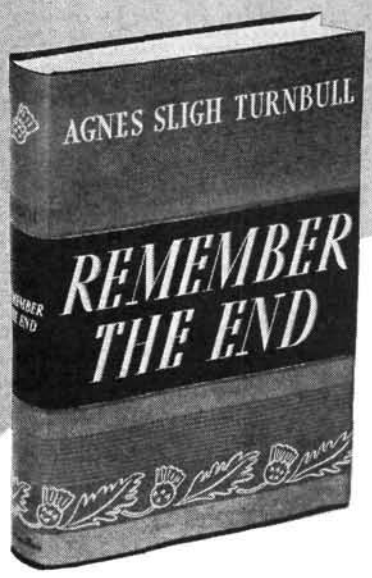

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Books and the Next War

BY R. ERNEST DUPUY

Wythe Williams (top) and Walter Millis

George F. Eliot (top) and Carleton Beals

During the last few years numerous notable books have been published bearing on the national defense and America's part in the next world war. *The Saturday Review* has asked Major R. Ernest Dupuy, F.A., to comment on this literature in connection with the development of American public opinion on neutrality, as evidenced in the press and in legislation. We present his conclusions herewith.

"PRESIDENT Ponders Shift in WPA Jobs to Defense Works," and "Craig Says Army Lacks Munitions." So run the headlines in the dispassionate *New York Times*. Latest flashes, these, upon the subject of our current armament program—the price of peace. National defense, a topic once restricted to the mouthings of pacifists and jingos — except in technical military tomes for professional reading only—has become news. Furthermore, it has, within the last three years, become the theme of an ever-broadening stream of literature bracketed within the gamut of popular interest. And when one finds *The New Republic* giving space to lengthy discussion of national defense, *The New Masses* frankly urging American aid to China as "a first-rate business asset," student pacifistic organizations abjuring the slacker's oath, times have indeed altered. Are leopards changing spots? Or were the spots only a veneer of ignorance and indifference? In either case, what has motivated the change?

More specifically: Is American opinion crystallizing into a belief that international relationships are today ruled by the law of claw and fang? If so, what part has been played by contemporary literature as a reagent?

Succinct as is this questionnaire, the answers appear to involve consideration of so vast a field that unless care be taken, extraneous subjects will pop up across the trail of clear thought. Merrily swimming amongst these red herrings will be found the swarming propagandists, each with a message to Garcia—alias the Great American Public. Their seed has always found fertile breeding ground in the national spirit of this country, as summed up so pithily by James E. Edmonds in "Fighting Fools." A citizen soldier, Brigadier General in the National Guard, Edmonds writes: "The truth is that we've been a truculent, boastful, touchy, land-grabbing people." He might well have included the words "sickly sentimental."

There was a time when we wanted to hear nothing of what was going on abroad. It didn't interest us. The World War changed that, but for a moment only. The Armistice of November 11, 1918, applied a vigorous brake to a war-aroused United States. We skidded to a full stop, went into reverse with a crash, and for nearly eighteen years our wheels spun in the mud of indifference to international affairs. Sick of war, determined to hear no more about it, think no more about it, see no more of it, our interest in World War literature was nil. As exceptions came a few volumes of fiction, which in their effect on readers were distinctly on the pacifist side, hard-boiled though the authors seem. Remarque's novels, John Dos Passos's, Hemingway's "Farewell to Arms"—all hailed as well written, which they were—inflamed our fearful emotions.

Pap were these for Caspar Milquetoast who, always a sucker for a short cut, scrapped warships to please Britain, arrested armament in the Pacific to please Japan, and urged blind dalliance with that rag and bone and hank of hair, the League of Nations, and her paramour, the World Court. War was hell; ergo, there would be no more wars; just as simple as all that. We went further, and this one must admit to be the apex of topsy-turvydom. We deliberately mixed our symbols. Armistice Day, marking the successful culmination of a major national effort, we turned into a day of wailing. April 6, marking our swift starry-eyed slide into war on the toboggan of unpreparedness—the day we decreed that American soldiers should die in Europe—more slowly emerged as Army Day, symbol of a preparedness in which the great majority of our people still had not the slightest interest.

Yet the last week of last September found Caspar at his radio, praying for someone—anyone—to go to war with Germany and audibly hoping for some American saber-rattling to counter Nazism. Good old Caspar, who had relied on the League of Nations to stop Mussolini; urged sanctions against Japan, while crying "never again!"; who had fumblingly felt that the sacred word "democracy" should somehow whitewash anarchy in Spain.

At this point the liberal purist may begin to chafe at this linking of national defense with international relationships. To him I reply that the soldier today must come to the cynical conclusion that it is man's own inventive genius, his own education, which have brought forth from the womb of our much-vaunted civilization after centuries of labor-pains the means to topple that civilization from its lofty pedestal of what the late General Douhet of the Italian Army has termed "beautiful ideals."

With the advent of wings of death, national boundaries became but gestures and expediency supplanted the laws of war. The isolation of the Western hemisphere became a matter of debate rather than an axiom; a yardstick of national defense became inseparable from consideration of international relationships.

It has taken Italy's conquest of Ethiopia, the Spanish ulcer, Japan's undeclared war on China, the swallowing of Austria, and the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia to sell this idea to the United States. Parenthetically, in all the

Next Week

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pros and cons on the Czechoslovakian question, the American reading public has never had a chance to peruse fully the thrilling story of the part American soldiers played—in two abnormal, almost unbelievable campaigns waged on Russian soil—to set up by force of arms that synthetic and ill-fated buffer-state. The complete story has yet to be written.

Returning to our muttons, one may voice without too much argument the opinion that October 3, 1935, when Italy elected to move into Ethiopia, found an American people and their literature definitely pointed towards international good will, collective security, and the millennium—the royal road to peace—for self-preservation's sake. There were exceptions, of course. Stockton's "Inevitable War" had summed up the case for national defense in brilliant fashion. But it was a statistical book—not for the general reading public. Hoffman Nickerson's "Can We Limit War?" with its glorification of the warrior—poured out in all the sizzling pungency of his trenchant pen—was anathema to the amateur pacifist, provided ammunition to the professional.

By this time the reading public had discovered via the daily press that airplanes, poison gas, and tanks had revolutionized (God save the mark!) war, making recourse to arms such a horrific affair that it would be silly to fight. The gruesome pictorial, "The First World War," edited by Laurence Stallings, carried the banner for this *reductio ad absurdum*, true of war as of all other human vices but, alas! no deterrent to the addict. The editorials of the late Arthur Brisbane, too, in favor of national defense though they were, played no small part in moulding this opinion, since they harped upon the alleged invincibility of the air arm.

The capstone of the arch dropped into place with publication of "Merchants of Death," by Engelbrecht and Hanighen, and the concurrent appearance of "Arms and the Men" in *Fortune*. Revelation of the cynicism of armament manufacturers offered a scapegoat for the protagonists of students' peace strikes and the ilk. Yoiks! Harkaway! The pack was off. The maker of munitions was also manufacturer of war, the "man higher up"; the professional soldier his willing accomplice. As a result news of armaments investigations, disclosure of the alleged activities at the London Conference of "Big Bass Drum" Shearer, civilian propagandist for American shipbuilders, students' peace strikes and other activities of anti-preparedness proponents, held the whip-hand in news interest during this period.

From overseas the rolling of Italian war drums slowly awakened the American mind to some consciousness of international relations. The late Newton D. Baker's "War in the Modern World" was a gallant effort to resolve the matter to its fundamentals, his brilliant summing-up worthy of quotation:

> The object of war, then, is to impose your will on your adversary and, so viewed, it becomes a special instance of the conflict of will which underlies all discipline. . . . The thing we call civilization is, at any time, the stage to which the formula of control [discipline] has advanced by the substitution of persuasion based on reason for mere assertion of power. But always there is implied in the formula force as the ultimate resource.

Did Newton D. Baker foresee the Munich conference?

While idealistic peace-seekers were still convinced that collective security was the way to international happiness, the isolationists now began to have their innings. Champions of both sides came prancing into the lists this same year. From England arrived Norman Angell's apologia for the League—"Peace and the Plain Man"—while Walter Millis, preaching isolation, brought forth "Road to War" with the thesis that we were led by the nose into the last conflict. Mr. Millis's book on the Spanish-American War, "The Martial Spirit," had previously offered food for thought to Americans interested in our past history as a criterion of the future. Japan's Manchurian adventure was by now focusing American interest on the Far East, and Upton Close's "Challenge:—Behind the Face of Japan," published in 1934, had already predicted a clash of interests. Now was launched the New York *Daily News's* blunt reiteration, every Monday morning to 2,000,000 readers, of a slogan which may one day bear fruit: "Two Ships for One."

Spain erupted July 17, 1936. Transition of the civil war into worldspread class and ideological conflict snapped American interest into life. A flood of propaganda followed, pro-Loyalist in the main, discussion of which does not seem to be pertinent. But before that had come "Can We Be Neutral?" by A. W. Dulles and Hamilton Fish Armstrong, advocates of embargoes and collective security, who finally admitted: "We have no assurance that any expedients we may adopt to insulate ourselves against wars between great powers will really work." Phillips Bradley, in "Can We Stay Out of War?" offered another set of pros and cons. Dr. Brooks Emeny, in "The Strategy of Raw Materials," presented to him who wishes to read as he runs the clear-cut problem facing the great nations in their struggle for existence, regardless of ideology. Per contra, Hamilton Fish Armstrong's provocative "We or They" placed before the American public the case of democracy vs. dictatorship from the idealist's viewpoint.

Merle E. Curti's "Peace or War—The American Struggle, 1636-1936," appeared about this time; an effort to reason behind the rainbow of pacifism how, in the light of American history, we could keep out of war. Uppermost still, you see, was the question of solving international disagreements by peaceful means; national security for the United States an academic corollary only.

We entered 1937 with the Spanish struggle in full development, with dailies and periodicals becoming war-wise, with amateur strategists and tacticians—and a few people who knew whereof they wrote—deducing lessons from the use and misuse, the powers and limitations, of modern weapons. The reading public had become definitely war-conscious. And literature followed the trend. Major General Johnson Hagood's "We Can Defend America," while a hodgepodge of personal animadversions upon War Department policy, was nevertheless a direct appeal for national defense.

Opponents of national preparedness were being sloughed under, as increased appropriations for naval construction—and in a smaller way for army reëquipment—rushed through Congress. But two books appeared which merit comment as being, wittingly or unwittingly, anti-preparedness, inasmuch as they were both based upon the now somewhat shoddy and threadbare theme that the American soldier and sailor launch wars. Of Mauritz A. Hallgren's "The Tragic Fallacy," he who has sworn to uphold and defend the Constitution can say but little. Why argue with a man who writes this gem in discussing a possible conquest of

(*Continued on page* 18)

Deer in Aspens

By KENNETH PORTER

FOR an eye-blink or two we could see nothing but shadows
and then they were there,
feeding among the slender aspens, across the meadows—
the slim slight deer.
It was three long breaths before the intangible breeze
of our presence—no physical wind—could touch them, and the deer
drifted melted away among shimmering trees—
but rather as if in diffidence than in fear.

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American History in Pictures

ADVENTURES OF AMERICA 1857-1900. *A Pictorial Record from Harper's Weekly. By John A. Kouwenhoven. New York: Harper & Bros.* 1938. $3.50.

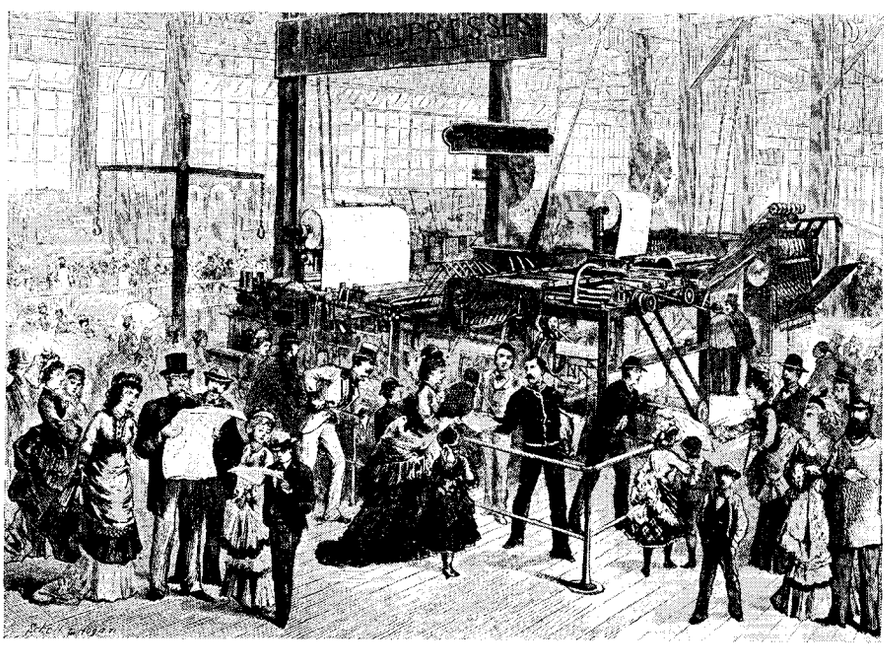
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

LAST year marked the centenary of the founding of that unique periodical, *Harper's Weekly.* One other journal, the *London Illustrated News,* may have equaled it in the variety, interest, and artistic vigor of its news pictures; still another journal, *Punch,* may have equaled it in the force and influence of its political caricatures; and several other English and American weeklies offered as good or better editorial comment—though George W. Curtis and Carl Schurz were numbered among its editors. But during its best days it presented an unrivaled combination of talents. The reader who found in it a spirited drawing by Winslow Homer, another by Sol Eytinge, a biting cartoon by Thomas Nast, and a column of eloquence and wit by Curtis, with lesser material of merit, held a publication worth preserving. The bound files of *Harper's Weekly* in our libraries are among the best sources of later nineteenth century history. Old volumes of the periodical should be carefully preserved; the practice among some present-day book-dealers of tearing them apart, taking out the best illustrations and caricatures, and peddling them separately, is little less than a crime.

Mr. Kouwenhoven's compilation of pictures and cartoons, with explanatory text, will make an instant appeal to the imagination of most readers. It is superior to some of the collections of historical photographs that have been made in recent years for the same reason that a good painting or drawing is nearly always preferable to a snapshot. It represents American graphic talent at almost its best. Besides Winslow Homer and Nast, we have here such capable artists as F. Hopkinson Smith, W. A. Rogers, T. de Thulstrup, W. P. Snyder, Childe Hassam, Frederick Remington, and Edwin Austen Abbey. These men saw events with an inner as well as an outer eye. They caught a meaning in them that eluded the news-photographers, and they placed it in their often admirably reproduced pictures. It is for this reason that Mr. Kouwenhoven's large album carries us back into the atmosphere of the Civil War, the Grant Era, the later eighties, the free silver frenzy, and Spanish War days so quickly, completely, and authentically.

Many of the pictures in this volume are full of historical value. Take for example Thomas Nast's crowded two-page drawing of a scene behind the lines during a Civil War battle, the column of reserves moving to the front past the operating tables loaded with screaming and struggling wounded—the only anesthetic a bottle of whiskey; or T. R. Davis's drawing of President Grant and Dom Pedro opening the Centennial Exhibition; or Charles Mente's sketch of hundreds of unemployed and ragged men sleeping in Chicago City Hall just after the panic of 1892. Some others are merely curious—the breaking up of a whaling-boat after petroleum flooded the markets; Asa S. Mercer's shipload of four hundred young women en route to Washington Territory to teach school, keep house, and hunt husbands; the opening night of "The School for Scandal" in 1882, with John Gilbert playing Sir Peter Teazle; and the breakdown of an early automobile, its occupants rescued by a passing driver of a horse-cart. Various of the pictures are amusing—Sol Eytinge's "Blackville" sketches, for example. Of course the unforgettable cartoons are represented. The central two pages of the book are rightly occupied by Thomas Nast's great picture of Tweed enthroned above the arena while the Tammany tiger tears the prostrate body of the republic—"What are you going to do about it?"

The book is a treasury of examples of the best work done by American illustrators and cartoonists; a treasury also of historical material. The only objection that can be made to it is that it ought to have been two or three books instead of one; for more space was really needed to do justice to the material available. Mr. Kouwenhoven's textual explanations are brief, accurate, and entirely adequate; and his arrangement of the contents could not be bettered.



Machinery Hall at Centennial Exhibition, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, 1876

Anatomy of Chaos

VARIETY: SECOND SERIES. By Paul Valéry. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

PAUL VALÉRY'S is the most subtle and acute criticism now playing upon our culture. His intelligence, as perfectly balanced as a weather vane, responds to infinitesimal pressures of truth with a sure pointing which reveals significant directions of thought where most of us have seen only mystery and confusion. It is impossible to review adequately his second collection of essays without quoting from them beyond the space permitted for a review. Hence the reviewer must try to describe what seems to be a dominant theme in a book rightly described as "Variety," since its contents run from art to sociology by way of literature.

The central idea of this charming book, for Valéry's style is charming in spite of his profundity, is the spirit of civilized man. By this Valéry means no metaphysical entity, but "a power of transformation" by which our conscious minds dominate the natural instincts which usually are unconscious. "Natural" man is an organism deeply conditioned through a million years of living, a creature following rules laid down for him by his own biology and psychology. Upon this instinctive man, who is alive in all of us, the modern consciousness plays, endeavoring to adapt the slow-moving instincts and primitive habits to a new world of mechanics and ideologies which the spirit has created by its creative imagination. As the transformations increase in extent and tempo, the gap between the unconscious and the conscious, between ancient habit and new

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complicated ways of living, grows wider. Adaptation to noise, speed, mechanics, economics becomes more and more difficult for all of us. Civilization, as we look about us, begins to seem a chaos of conflicting desires. The old fights the new, not understanding it. The new complexities which invention has put into life make the old simple life impossible. We are in danger of being destroyed by our own inventions, bombed by our airplanes, broken down nervously by our own speed. For every man today lives in two eras: in the past which has conditioned the brain and body he has inherited; and also in a present which is so complex and intense that he cannot easily adapt himself. Hence revolutions, wars, neuroses, fanaticisms, and not the decline so much as the shattering of a culture.

I have been crudely stating the central thesis of the last two essays in this book: "Spiritual Polity" and "The Balance Sheet of the Intelligence." It may seem that this thesis has no significance for the other essays in the volume which, with the exception of some pages on Corot, are pure literary criticism. This is not true. Mr. Valéry is consistent throughout. It is the transformation of the creative spirit which is always his subject. His essay, for example, on Stendhal, a masterpiece of finesse, is essentially a study of an eccentric egotist who satisfied his insatiable egotism by detaching himself from the conventions of the everyday world of the post-Napoleonic period in which he lived, and establishing his own private view of society as an original truth. Here no chaos results as it does when a whole society like ours splits its personality. Rather, Stendhal achieved a detachment which was at the same time ironical and passionate, ironical toward others, passionate in pursuit of the kind of events, relations, emotions, personalities into which he wished to transform an everyday life that bored him. He invented complexities in order to make life more interesting.

> He was a very diverting creature, this Beyle [Stendhal], possessed by a great desire to scandalize, joined with higher ambitions. He rarely failed to point out that exception should be taken to what he said. In this he was fairly successful. He offended artists by his style, the powers that be by his lack of respect, women by his cynicism and his systems.
>
> For me, Henri Beyle is a type of intelligence much more than he is a man of letters. He is too peculiarly himself to be reduced to a writer. It is in this that he pleased and displeases others, and pleases me. . . .

Thus, with the lightest of touches, and with extraordinary shrewdness, Valéry studies these transformations, these inventions, by which writers, painters, and all those responsible for new twists and angles in our civilization, make life more interesting, and at the same time more of a strain upon the instinctive creature each of us carries in his subconscious.

Harper & Bros.

Emily Dickinson: "The questions surrounding [her] love have always been secondary to the question of the nature of her mind" . . .

The Amherst Genius

THIS WAS A POET. A Critical Biography of Emily Dickinson. By George Frisbie Whicher. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

MR. WHICHER has written an important book about Emily Dickinson. We have needed a book with the virtues of this study to supplement the virtue of a great poet's life and work. Mr. Whicher brings us new facts to put in place of speculation and misunderstanding. He brings a cool and thoughtful attitude to vexed questions that must be clarified before we can see this poet and her poetry plain.

For me as for many others the questions surrounding Emily Dickinson's love have always been secondary to the question of the nature of her mind. But no matter where the biographer begins, he finds the question of the love a decisive one. Slowly he discovers the integral character of this life. When he attempts to understand the activity of mind and spirit that lies behind the poetry, he needs to know certain things about the central event of love and denial. What was the quality of this experience? Was Emily Dickinson loved in return? Did this love move, in process of slow years, from person to person? Did this love come early or late? Only the simple facts—if they are simple—and the dating of manuscript can answer these legitimate questions.

The question of the loved person is not the question so much of identity as of checking reality against reality—the inner against the outer fact. We still lack a satisfying picture of how much plain fact life gave to this poet and how much she found herself able to make of little. Her talent, she has told us over and over, was to make much of little:

> On the bleakness of my lot
> Bloom I strove to raise . . .

In a study of genius based on the victory of the inner powers this question of degree becomes inescapable. How much was bleakness and how much bloom?

Mr. Whicher has contributed important new material which touches the tutor referred to in the Higginson letters. Benjamin Franklin Newton adds, with some knowledge of his tastes and his character, an amplification of the formative influences. The new material relating to the Rev. Charles Wadsworth certainly is conclusive in itself, but it does not fully illuminate the manner and the art of Emily Dickinson's inner life.

The clearest bit of new material comes on page 100, opposite Charles Wadsworth's picture. Elsewhere Mr. Whicher refers to unpublished material which he has been permitted to read.

Nearly every page of this book holds some new fact, correction, or critical judgment. The Amherst background and accounts of academy and seminary life add many small but permanent details. The chapter on Literary Friends gives us little that is new. Other students of the period should expand the account by reading of related sources. The chapter on Books and Reading is full of valuable suggestion.

Mr. Whicher's general attitude seems to me a wise one for the near future. He uses what facts we now have, and points to what we may find by a close study of the verse. This is his main path and he refuses to follow down the by-paths of "problems," "questions," or "possibility." Sobriety is the chief characteristic of the book. It serves the splendid and difficult subject as nothing else can serve until the time comes when a definitive biography will be possible.

How to Be Hitler

THE SCHOOL FOR DICTATORS. By Ignazio Silone. New York: Harper & Bros. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by DAVID H. POPPER

WHEN Mr. W., the future dictator of the United States, and Professor Pickup, his adviser, theoretician, and hanger-on, toured Europe to investigate the principles of dictatorial government, they were fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Thomas the Cynic. A political refugee and a student of political techniques, this worthy devoted many hours to the enlightenment of his overseas visitors. What, they asked, are the methods by which dictators, ancient and modern, have come to power, and how do they stay there? Patiently Thomas explained, demolishing the Professor's pedantic Mumbo Jumbo on fascist political philosophy and inducing Mr. W. to probe the surface manifestations of the quest for power. And when the Platonic conversation was finished and recorded, the Americans

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could return home with a fairly complete description of the conditions which produce dictatorship, the types of men who profit thereby, and the devices which they have found it necessary to employ.

Thus Silone, who depicted the consequences of dictatorship in "Fontamara" and "Bread and Wine," has now set down his conception of fascist dynamics in more formal terms. Dictators, he warns us, arise from the ranks of misanthropes and soon center all their hopes and forces in the single-minded pursuit of power as an end in itself. A definite program, a sense of political consistency, would be a positive handicap to one whose strength lies in his psychological command over the masses. The aspiring leader builds his party by promising all things to all men, appealing to the barbaric instincts of brutalized followers, and liberally employing the technique of terrorism. He steps into power as a result of the crisis which arises when the old capitalist governing class proves itself powerless to meet the country's new needs and the socialist opposition proves itself incapable of replacing it. Fascists assiduously propagate the myth that they have seized control in order to overcome a destructive communist menace. The evidence, however, demonstrates that capitalists support a fascist *coup* not from fear of communism but from fear of the attrition they might suffer at the hands of social reformists. And, once in power, fascists immediately turn upon their quondam benefactors to satisfy the needs of an insatiable spoils system and military machine.

Fascism is, in short, a pathological phenomenon among mass movements. It is born in the bewilderment and despair of war and thrives only on the periodical creation of wars or war scares. It attains control by capturing or neutralizing the army and the police.

Such is Silone's analysis, embellished with a wealth of historical and psychological detail. His dissection and implicit criticism of dictatorships are applicable as much to the "Red fascism" and "Red barbarism" of Moscow as to the brown and black of the axis. And in one respect he ranks among the darkest of pessimists. Observing the weakness of social reformism, the fragility of democratic ideals, he appears convinced that not much can be done to avoid or combat the fascist tide. To adopt the crude methods of fascism to fight fascism is to lose the battle before it has begun. The true remedy lies only in the liberal beliefs of a large and politically conscious electorate which will not be stampeded by hill-billy band campaigners.

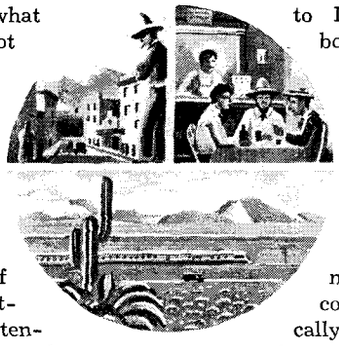
"The School for Dictators" offers little that is new to the political scientist, but much that is enlightening to the American public. It is difficult but stimulating reading. Nothing could be more highly recommended for those who wish to peer behind the façade to the realities of modern politics.

Santa Fé Satirized

BURRO ALLEY. By Edwin Corle. New York: Random House. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by OLIVER LAFARGE

MR. CORLE'S previous novels have shown his capacity for fine observation of assorted human beings, enlivened and refined by a sense of humor. In "Burro Alley" the humor is tinged with a pleasant malice, and in recording what he has observed he does not pull his punches. The result is an entertaining caricature of Santa Fé in the tourist season, a fine example of the type of story which is consistently truthful, and never more revealing than in its moments of greatest exaggeration. Written caricatures have a tendency to go off the deep end into excess fantasy, as well as to lose narrative suspense through excessive distortion in characterization. All of this Mr. Corle avoids.



Jacket design for "Burro Alley"

His study of the Anglo-Americans, the very normal man from the middle West, the criminal with murder hanging over his head, the strange but quite credible philosopher who is seeking three-dimensional time, and the assorted residents of the city who interlock with these visitors, makes use of variants on stock types, but is none the less penetrating and diverting. The disjointed stories of a number of unlike people are held together by the dominant caricature, not of individuals, but of an entire community which has long cried aloud for such treatment.

In view of his success with Anglo-Americans, and the realistic yet understanding treatment he has given to Indians in his previous books, it is deeply disappointing to see how the author handles his Spanish-Americans. One suspects the point of view of being derivative from "Tortilla Flat," or perhaps, more reasonably, derivative from the vast mass of writing in this country which automatically uses the "Mexican" as a butt. One does not mind a devastating handling of one's own, dominant group; but one does expect the allegedly intellectual members of our literati to give something approaching an even break to much maligned minorities.

Regardless of fairness or unfairness, "Burro Alley" is high entertainment, and the first thing approaching a real job of that kind that has been done on one of our odder communities.

Making of a Millionaire

REMEMBER THE END. By Agnes Sligh Turnbull. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

AN honest, sturdy novel, built upon somewhat familiar lines, this is written with a careful attention to detail and craftsmanship that lifts it above the general run of its type.

Alex MacTay is a handsome, ambitious Scottish lad who inherits physical prowess from his blacksmith father and a deep poetic vein from Marget, his sensitive, beauty-loving mother. When we first meet the family—the period is the early nineties—Alex is about to leave the little Scottish village of his birth for America, the dream-country that has beckoned him since childhood. In this prologue Miss Turnbull is at her best. The reader, indeed, could almost wish that Alex had stayed in Lamson Green, for there is a salty tang and charm to her Scots that the author's Pennsylvanians never achieve. But Alex comes to Philadelphia, and gets his start through the efforts of McKelvey, Lincoln-like lawyer, who has the role of his adopted father throughout the tale. Starting with a small coal bank, Alex climbs fortune's ladder on the rungs of prodigious work, Scotch shrewdness, and McKelvey's savings. He possesses, in part at least, the qualities of his fellow-countryman, Andrew Carnegie, and by the time he is thirty-five he has attained his goal, and is a millionaire. In the process, however, he has had to "put behind him"—his habitual phrase—all the softness with which his mother had endowed him. Only his love for his golden-haired Meggie transcends his driving ambition.

There is much to commend in Miss Turnbull's novel. Indeed it is because it is so good that one wishes it were better. For somehow she has failed to give it the three-dimensional quality which its plot and characters demand. In the vitality of the minor portraits, she shows true talent, but the major characters are seen rather than felt. In her chosen setting, Western Pennsylvania and the coal industry, the author is on familiar ground, and the coke ovens and mining terms lend authenticity to her background.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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The Uncut "Hamlet"

IT is probably true that an average spectator at Maurice Evans's uncut production of "Hamlet" can identify few of the restored passages as being peculiar to this presentation. Nevertheless, it is almost certainly true that most spectators receive not only a heightened and intensified emotional impression of the play, but a sense of its logical structure and motivation which none of the condensed versions has achieved.

Much of this effect may, of course, be owing to the excellent physical production. And the sense of characterization may be in part the result of good acting, regardless of the restoration of lines customarily eliminated. To what extent the production, acting, and restored passages respectively contribute to the effect of the current "Hamlet" is a matter of opinion among individual critics; that the effect exists is the opinion of practically all the critics.

And undoubtedly most of them would agree that it is no adverse criticism of the actors to say that much of their effectiveness in characterization is made possible by the restored passages of the play. A small instance may serve better than a large one to clarify this point. The scene in which Polonius instructs Reynaldo to investigate the activities and reputation of Laertes in Paris is sometimes omitted altogether and almost always condensed. It is usually a scene in which Polonius's instructions are not notable for their prolixity, and the usually passive Reynaldo could be adequately interpreted by a stage-hand. But when, as in this production, Polonius is allowed to have his full interminable say, Reynaldo comes to life; the expression of tolerant ennui on his face, and in the vocal delivery of his few lines, make excellent comedy of a scene too often perfunctory; and unless Polonius does say all that Shakespeare wrote for him in this scene, Reynaldo could not exhibit such acute boredom without overacting. As it is, Reynaldo not only becomes an individual in his own right, but adds salient details to the characterization of Polonius. In a more important role, the lines restored to Claudius give depth, complexity, and increased credibility to the character without benefit of a particularly penetrating interpretation by the actor. Similarly, the character of Horatio manages to breathe new life in spite of the actor, who seems actually miscast for the part.

As to Hamlet himself, who is the play, there is nothing new to be written—until another Dover Wilson comes to write it. The intention of this editorial is to present a report on seeing the play as a whole, not to add one more review of Maurice Evans's acting to the penetrating professional opinions of such close students of the drama as Brooks Atkinson, Stark Young, John Mason Brown, and Joseph Wood Krutch. Incidentally, the reviews written by the dramatic critics, even when they seem to present varying judgments, are not always actually contradictory. It is possible to agree with Mr. Brown, who writes, "Unlike most recent Hamlets, Mr. Evans is not a neurotic princeling with a pale visage who strikes despairing poses under spotlights. He is the first entirely masculine Hamlet of our time. He has wit, gaiety, vitality, and charm." Also with Mr. Krutch: "Mr. Evans, following the trend of some recent criticism, apparently tends to feel that too much can be made of Hamlet's infirmity of purpose, and even of his antic disposition. Without completely obscuring either, he makes the Prince princely . . . [with] more capacity to act than Hamlet is sometimes given credit for. . . . Mr. Evans is manly as well as sensitive, passionate as well as subtle." And simultaneously with Mr. Young: "You rarely had in this performance the sense of struggle going on in Hamlet, and this was doubtless what Mr. Evans intended. The purpose behind his approach and method must be to contravert somewhat the idea of Hamlet's feebleness of will, vacillation, and so on, the old familiar theory."

In short, Maurice Evans's Hamlet is a person, not a puzzle. The result is so good dramatically that, as long as you are in the theater, you are unconscious that the puzzle exists; it is only afterwards that you wonder whether Mr. Evans's performance is as good psychology as it is good theater. To be able to forget Hamlet as a psychological problem is, to be sure, a relief in itself, but somehow you can't take this sense of relief with you. At least, not long. The problem of Hamlet, or rather the network of problems, recurs to the memory all the more forcibly for having been obscured.

It was Mr. Krutch who pointed out that Maurice Evans "consulted the writings of Dover Wilson before deciding just what constitutes the full text he had decided to play," but that the production in some important respects does not follow Wilson's ideas. "Indeed, the one eccentricity of the present performance consists in the total omission of the dumb show." Now the problem of the dumb show is the central point of Dover Wilson's book, "What Happens in Hamlet"; it was to solve this problem that he undertook his investigation, which grew to embrace all the problems of the drama. (The dumb show problem is, why does Claudius sit through the players' pantomime without flinching, when he becomes so upset later at the reënactment of the murder of Gonzago? Mr. Wilson's answer is that Claudius, being otherwise engaged, did not see the dumb show.) It would have been interesting, and not inconsistent with the rest of Mr. Evans's production, to see the pantomime staged as Wilson proposed. In line with this is John Mason Brown's suggestion that Mr. Evans, in delivering the speech to the players, should indicate by a gesture toward the throne that Hamlet is not merely delivering an essay on technique, but has in mind the effect he wants the play to produce on Claudius.

These are interesting ideas, leading to others which would take long to pursue. The point to be made to the reading public is that the satisfaction of seeing "Hamlet" uncut is considerably augmented because the production sends us back to some of the books which explore the endless fascination of Shakespeare's masterpiece. The general reader with no technical knowledge of Elizabethan drama, who would have no idea of tackling most of the scholarly works in the field, nevertheless follows with inexhaustible interest the interpretation of Hamlet. Maurice Evans's production makes it appropriate and timely to return to Clutton-Brock and Logan Pearsall Smith, to Caroline Spurgeon and above all to Dover Wilson. "What Happens in Hamlet" is probably as satisfactory an exposition of the play as the general reader can find; he will read in it brilliant solutions of more puzzles than he ever knew "Hamlet" contained, and he can, incidentally, decide for himself whether a few of the solutions seem more ingenious than convincing. Part of the pleasure of reading Dover Wilson is analogous to the satisfaction of solving a Double-Crostic, and this part —say in the ratio of about one to three —only enhances the esthetic satisfaction.

Hamlet is perhaps the only character in English literature who can be approached by critics in the same spirit in which biographers approach the lives of eminent men. That is why a book like Dover Wilson's "What Happens in Hamlet," which brilliantly demonstrates how in all their baffling details both the character and the play make perfect sense, is for the general reader on the same level of interest as a biography of Napoleon or Shelley or Queen Elizabeth. Indeed, it has much of the atmosphere of Lytton Strachey's "Elizabeth and Essex." If you read as far as page 228, you will find out why.

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Letters to the Editor: *"The Rape of Palestine"*

Mr. Ziff Protests

SIR:—I have just read the review in your November 19th issue written by Maurice B. Hexter of my book, "The Rape of Palestine." Mr. Hexter was, until recently, a member of the Jewish Agency for Palestine. As it happens, a large part of my book is concerned with an unsparing indictment of the Jewish Agency and its policies. Under these circumstances, it appears to me that Mr. Hexter is hardly in a position to write an unbiased review of my work. As a reply to my charges against him and his associates, Mr. Hexter's article is understandable; but as an allegedly impartial review (which is the impression he evidently is attempting to give), it is a thoroughly unreliable piece of writing.

Mr. Hexter endeavored to dispose of my book by categorically referring to it as "a bad book . . . whose demerit is directly proportionate to its bulk." He states that my book is "not even pseudo-scientific" but he gives no instance of proof. He makes the ridiculous assertion that anti-Zionism and anti-Semitism of the present day are two entirely different things, that, therefore, my own evaluations are, on the face of them, lunatic. I have in front of me a whole shelf-load of anti-Zionist literature. In each case they are also anti-Semitic. There is in fact no anti-Semitic organization in existence today which is not in addition anti-Zionist.

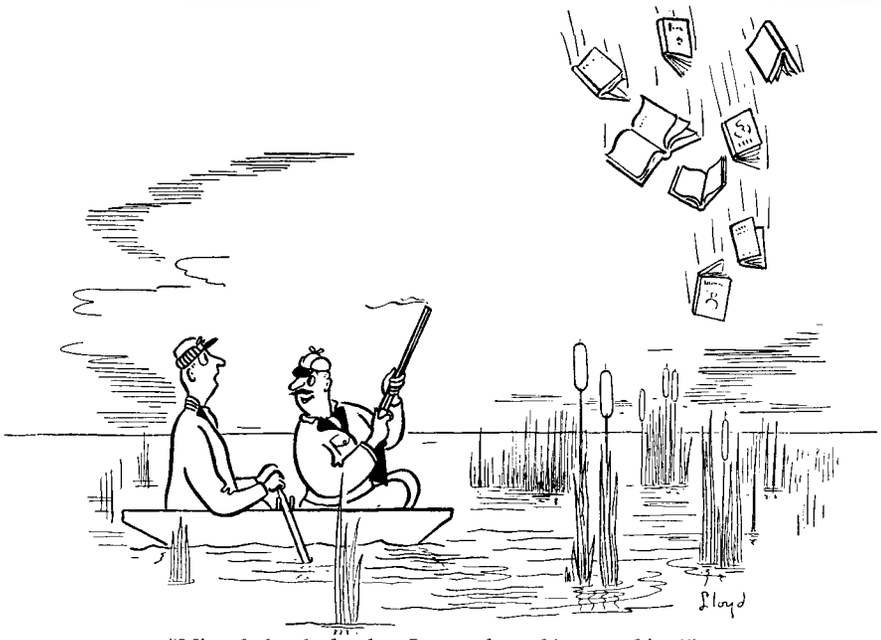
Another large portion of my book is concerned with the anti-Jewish legislation passed by the Palestine Government and the anti-Zionist attitude displayed both in Westminster and in the Holy Land. Mr. Hexter attempts to dispose of this legislation by pretending that it does not exist. However, it does exist. It is on the statute books of Palestine. The records are available for anyone who cares to look.

I made it clear that the Jewish Agency had allowed itself to become an apologist for British politics aimed directly at the very Jews whom the Jewish Agency was supposed to represent. Mr. Hexter's reply bears out this conclusion amply. For example, he attempts to leave the impression that there is very little actual anti-Semitism in the Palestine administration or in Government circles in London. On this viewpoint there are very few informed men who can agree with him. The greatest authority on Jewish colonization in Palestine is Mendel Ussishkin, President of the Jewish National Fund. Here is a statement from Mr. Ussishkin as taken from my own pages: "From the start it was clear that the British officials of Palestine were against us. The entire Arab opposition to the Jewish National Home was 'made at the Government House.'"

Reading this riddle further, one may take the freely spoken words of Mayor Dizengoff of Tel Aviv, the most widely beloved man in Palestine and, by all odds, its ablest political figure. He charged the British Administration in Palestine with "playing a diabolical game," saying that in practice it had "outlawed the Jews and handed them over to a mob of criminals." Information on this subject is voluminous and inescapable despite Mr. Hexter's attempt at denial. States Colonel Josiah Wedgwood, one of the best known M.P.s in England and an acknowledged authority on the Palestine scene: "The Government is at the present time anti-Semitic and is a disgrace to England." He writes that Arabs would give little or no trouble "were they not encouraged and stimulated to do so . . . by a Government which does not like the Jews and lets the Arabs know it." This is exactly the contention made throughout my book and supported, I believe, by indisputable evidence.

WILLIAM B. ZIFF.

New York City



"Missed the ducks, but I must have hit something!"

Mr. Hexter Replies

SIR:—Mr. Ziff is entitled to raise the question of bias, and I am glad to deal with it. The gravamen of his indictment (so far as Jews are concerned) is the political blindness, stupidity, and impotence, if not collusion, of the Zionist Organization and its leadership. Now the Zionist Organization is not the Jewish Agency by any stretch of imagination, and Mr. Ziff might well be expected to know this. He devotes quite some pages to a description of some of the leaders, not of the Jewish Agency as such, but of Zionist leaders. His accusation of bias collapses from his own words on page 153: "The Zionists maintain a London Executive and a Palestine Executive who mainly specialize in sending learned memoranda to the British Government and the League of Nations. With these executive bodies is affiliated still another politically impotent appendage, the Jewish Agency." "Hinc illae lacrymae!" Mr. Ziff can expect but cannot secure the best of both worlds. He knows of course that I, as well as the largest proportion of American non-Zionists and many European non-Zionists, have for quite a long series of years opposed the political course of the Jewish Agency in which, de facto, they form a minority. True, the opposition was on divergent grounds from those on which Mr. Ziff has, in my judgment, failed to support his own bill of indictment. The portion of the work with which the writer and his group were more closely associated, and which, in some measure, they tinctured with their personalities and methodology—the economic development of Palestine—comes off well in the furnace of Mr. Ziff's wrath. Furthermore, if Mr. Ziff wanted an intelligent reviewer of his book, he would have to seek a person who inevitably would be found in a group or party connected in some way with the work in Palestine. Across the comments of any such person, Mr. Ziff could, with the same injustice, try to draw a red herring, because there is no group or individual or party whom he has not tried to slap, unless it be my revered friend Ussishkin, who would not, even by his friends and admirers (amongst whom I number myself), be called "the greatest authority on Jewish colonization in Palestine"; or perhaps Colonel Wedgwood, of whom the Zionists may well say, "God protect us from our friends."

Mr. Ziff continues to equate anti-Zionism with anti-Semitism. He speaks of the anti-Semitic scheme of exiling Jews to Madagascar and of other schemes of colonization of Jews in parts of the world not called Palestine. Automatically, Mr. Ziff puts into the ranks of the anti-Semites all of those humanists who, in the last ten days, have set to work to find a place for a hounded people. Mr. Ziff is tragically blinded by his own belief in Palestine as the only solution of the Jewish problem.

MAURICE B. HEXTER.

New York City.

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Who Profits from Fascism?

FASCISM FOR WHOM? By Max Ascoli and Arthur Feiler. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1938. $3.

SOCIALISM ON THE DEFENSIVE. By Norman Thomas. New York: Harper & Bros. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT C. BROOKS

MESSRS. Ascoli and Feiler, in the first of the books under review, present admirably brief but comprehensive discussions of Italy and Germany respectively. As *fuorusciti*, both being now members of the faculty of "the University in Exile," one would expect from them implacable hostility against the Fascist and Nazi regimes. On the contrary, they give evidence at every point of scholarly detachment and rare critical acumen. Perhaps the question, "Fascism for Whom?" is answered too narrowly in the end. Both authors hold that only the self-perpetuating oligarchies of major and minor chiefs benefit from totalitarianism. Obviously the number of those who *think* they gain something under that regime is much larger. But the most interesting and timely chapters in the book are the two written jointly by the co-authors which deal with fascism in its relation to our civilization. Messrs. Ascoli and Feiler are profoundly convinced that international threats from totalitarian states have just begun and that these threats must be resisted. Their all too brief discussion of fascism as a menace to the democratic powers might well be expanded into a separate volume.

To Mr. Norman Thomas, also, fascism is the great enemy, the principal reason why socialism everywhere finds itself on the defensive. Not that he has any too high opinion of capitalistic democracy, the virtue of the latter being merely that "of the sated thief." Extraordinarily wide in scope, his book is based on a recent journey abroad in the course of which he met many prominent radical leaders, thus learning at first hand the present position of the socialist movement, the condition of labor, and the actual political situation in England, France, Spain, the U.S.S.R., and other countries. Naturally the chapter devoted to "Socialism and the American Scene" will be read with the greatest interest on this side of the Atlantic. Among other minor details it may be noted that Mr. Thomas pays his respects to Frank (I-am-the-Law) Hague somewhat pungently, but few will blame him for so doing. Republicans should note the author's denials that Franklin D. Roosevelt carried out the Socialist platform of 1932 more radically than Thomas could have done. The Socialist leader believes that if the President chooses to run again in 1940 he will be reëlected, barring a labor feud so bitter that the A. F. of L. will oppose any one actively supported by the C. I. O. Strongly as he condemns fascism, Mr. Thomas is an isolationist; indeed his position approximates that taken recently by former President Hoover. Throughout the present volume the author preaches pacifism with more fervor than socialism. Perhaps it may be fairer to say he believes that the outlook for socialism, now on the defensive, would become hopelessly black for an indefinitely long period should another World War break out—hence his extreme devotion to peace. Is it, however, so certain as Mr. Thomas assumes that "war in the United States would instantly impose the fascist yoke upon 130,000,000 people?" "Instantly" or "for the duration" perhaps yes, but long established democracy possesses recuperative powers that make the prophecy questionable, at least, for any extended period.

Robert C. Brooks is the author of "Deliver Us from Dictators."

Painters, Critics, Dealers

QUEER THING, PAINTING. By Walter Pach. New York: Harper & Bros. 1938. $4.

Reviewed by OLIVER LARKIN

WALTER PACH wrote the first American magazine article on Cézanne, helped organize the great Armory Show of 1913, debunked John Sargent's exhibitionism in "Ananias," and has met and talked with most of the men who made modern art. He now attempts not pure autobiography, but a record of "the art life of the time." Rodin, Cézanne, Matisse, Renoir, Monet, and a small army of painters, connoisseurs, dealers, and critics crowd his pages. Roualt campaigns amusingly for entrance to the Institute; John Quinn tells the story of the little red fox; paralyzed Renoir, "a mere cinder of a man," sculptures as it were by dictation. The style is urbane, the atmosphere cosmopolitan, the taste eclectic. If you are all of these, you will rest content with an esthetic credo which maintains that art is a "queer thing," as Turner said, an enigma never really to be solved, a matter of inherent qualities which, given time, inevitably proclaim the work of art either "absolutely permanent and good," or the reverse, and establish the artist's importance, "not for his time, but for all time." And you will conclude, as Mr. Pach does, that the private initiative of wealthy individual collectors has, up to now, "done the great things in art, as far as America is concerned," by enabling us to know the masterpieces of a Europe so much riper and more art-conscious than our own culture. And the museums, rather than popular interest or governmental patronage, you will look upon as "still largely the artistic hope of the country,"—"the greatest single force in determining the direction of art here."

Walter Pach: a self-portrait. From "Queer Thing, Painting."

If, on the other hand, you belong to a less urbane and more realistic generation, you will doubt whether Redon said anything of importance when he averred that "the plane of the artist is not outside him, but within his mind," and remain less than satisfied with Mr. Pach's own dictum that "the real question about a work of art is whether it contains art." If you are an artist, you will doubt, on the evidence at hand, that either the private initiative of a Maecenas or the Metropolitan Museum is your salvation. If you deny that the tradition of Paris is "still yielding splendid results," you will regret the relatively small space Mr. Pach gives to contemporary American art, and wish that some of the pages devoted to the wax-like perfections of Kenneth Hayes Miller had at least mentioned Sheeler, Blume, Marin, Wood, Gropper, Curry, and others important not necessarily "for all time," but certainly for ours. If you consider art not unrelated to the social conflicts that shake mankind, and read Mr. Pach's contradictory assertions that the Rockefeller Center fiasco was due quite simply to "a dislike of Rivera's painting as art" and that "business will not let either art ideas or religious ideas stand in its way,"—you will decide that the author is floundering in deep waters, and will cease to regret the brevity with which he dismisses the artists of the left by bluntly misstating their aims: "only the subjects count in such work." You will perhaps murmur, "queer thing, criticism," and conclude that Mr. Pach's greatest contributions to art were his early pioneering on behalf of the now accepted old masters of modernism, and his admirable translations of Elie Faure and the "Journal" of Delacroix.

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Duke over the Water

THE WINDSOR TAPESTRY. By Compton Mackenzie. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1938. $3.75.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

IN 1937 Mr. Hector Bolitho produced his "King Edward VIII," a book which made its way into the best-selling lists of this country. It might, perhaps, not have reached that desirable position had its origins been more generally known: for it was founded upon a serialized version crammed with unsparing adulation and designed for a Coronation that never came off; and it was only after the abdication of Edward VIII that Mr. Bolitho revised it, substituting for his flattery something which came very close to vilification. This sorry little stain on English letters has to some extent been removed by the publication of Compton Mackenzie's generous and disinterested "The Windsor Tapestry."

Mr. Mackenzie, an ardent champion of the Duke of Windsor, also begins in a biographical manner; but, such is the urgency of his cause, he mixes into his biography a detailed attack upon Mr. Baldwin, a tractarian discussion of the Church of England's attitude towards divorce, and an account of the marital affairs of the royal family as far back as George I. This latter investigation, proving once again that quite a number of his forebears were either odious or idiotic, can hardly be said to have done the Duke much service; but then the whole book is just a little difficult to appreciate. Other crises have intervened, other questions have arisen, more momentous and far, far more tragic in their implications. In a reeling civilization, it is hard for us to regard the abdication crisis as anything more than just another example of how a Cabinet can run the country without bothering to consult it.

Mr. Mackenzie is a romantic with Jacobite leanings. He can still lament the executions of Mary Stuart and Charles I, and the Whig revolution of 1688. His ideal monarch would seem to be a personage with a divine right and a strong leaning towards social reform, a composition of mercantilist and liberal principles which King Edward VIII could never have approximated; and which, on any terms, is extremely questionable.

But since on behalf of his former sovereign Mr. Mackenzie undertakes a dialectical wrestling match with that most slippery of antagonists, the Church of England, and, what is more, comes out on top, the strength of his *devotion,* at any rate, can scarcely be questioned. And it is not a grovelling devotion. He is probably the only writer living who could produce a book of this sort and not make the reader feel a little sick. The cause which he defends is a very minor cause, but the spirit of his defense is not a minor spirit.

Georges Bernanos "finds himself surrounded by enemies and is compelled to fight on a dozen fronts at once" . . .

Indignant Royalist

A DIARY OF MY TIMES. By Georges Bernanos. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

GEORGES BERNANOS is a Catholic and a royalist, a doughty controversialist and an eloquent pamphleteer. He is also, judging from this book which was published in France as "Les Grands Cimetières sous la Lune," a much harassed and somewhat bewildered man. He is bewildered because, like all men of good will today, he finds himself surrounded by enemies and is compelled to fight on a dozen fronts at once. As a result, he is often breathless and even incoherent; but he is always on the side of the angels. It is a fairly lonely position, as assumed by M. Bernanos, for ignorance and stupidity and cowardice are as abhorrent to him as overt evil; even his fellow royalists seem to disgust him for the most part, and the chief battle which he wages in these latest pages is against fellow Catholics—the priests and bishops and cardinals and simple church-goers who have approved of the Spanish counter-revolution as a holy crusade and who have endorsed a reign of terror. M. Bernanos is not the only devout Catholic to protest against the policy of his church. Such men as Cardinal Verdier and Mauriac and Maritain have protested with him. But Bernanos speaks with the authority of one who has watched the working and practical results of this policy on the spot, on the island of Majorca during the first year of the Spanish war.

When he writes of what he saw in and around Palma (of the activities of the Lord High Archbishop, of Count Rossi, and of the Majorcan "Crusaders") he is at his best. There were three thousand political murders committed on the island in seven months, and he makes them real to us. He makes us feel the grisliness of a reign of terror, during which every man was subject to denunciation by his neighbor; and he strikes to the root of his subject when he writes:

> All reigns of Terror are alike, all are of the same origin. . . . Fear disgusts me in everybody, and behind all the fine talk of those butchers lies fear, and only fear. Massacres are due to fear, hate is but an alibi.

When he rises from the particulars of personal experience to generalization and argument, he is still stimulating; but his arguments are discursive and fragmentary and unorganized; and the reader of English suffers from the disadvantage of reading him in a language that ill serves his style, for it is a style native to French controversy—high-pitched and magniloquent.

And, at the last, when he looks about him for the means whereby the current forces of evil are to be overcome, he has little to say that is heartening to those who are not of his faith. He tells us that he believes in "the war of Men of Good Will," and he also adjures us to become as little children and to seek salvation in Christ. Who would not, if he could? But many will find it easier to follow him when he writes: "A man of good will has no longer any party. I am wondering if he will soon have any country."

In the Black Gobi

THE SILK ROAD. By Sven Hedin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1938. $5.

SVEN HEDIN is an old-school explorer, with no smartness about him, nor sensationalism, nor braving of perils for their thrill. He is a gracious and intrepid adventurer who courts hazards only to divulge them to the light of science. Now he tells the story of his rediscovery of the ancient Silk Road, that highway, six thousand miles long, which carried silk and the wonders of the East to the Roman patricians.

The expedition in four lorries and a small sedan wound through mountain passes where the temperature was as low as —27 degrees and there was no fuel either for warming themselves or their motors; and they passed through the Black Gobi where only demons were. Mishaps to their cars were of almost continual occurrence. They spent days without water. In Korla they were captured and nearly shot by the troops of the warlord Ma Chung-yin, and at Urumchi they were held prisoner for four months by his enemy Sheng Tupan because they were suspect as spies. But the survey continued, without the loss of a single man. As a veteran explorer Dr. Hedin takes no excess baggage into his narrative, and though he is no stylist, his writing has great clarity and warmth.

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Mabel Dodge Luhan: "She moved out of her original social background, into one of her own creating" . . .

Sphinx of Taos Desert

BY ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

IF ever a woman justified the prejudice that Woman, lovely Woman, is inscrutable and unpredictable, it is Mabel Dodge Luhan. For example—one evening recently she invited another lady to go with her to a much heralded play. Before the first act was over, she exclaimed—"Heavens, this is awful, isn't it—let's go." So they went and at the curb she said comfortably: "Now let's each take a taxi home and go to bed with a good book!"

Her companion was highly diverted by a frankness rarely met among the worldly minded. Mrs. Luhan, though one of the most conspicuous, most publicized and discussed of American women, who has told more of herself, in her own autobiography, than any other woman of our day, and has perhaps known and entertained more famous characters and celebrities, of all sorts and kinds, races and creeds, than any other of America's leading hostesses, always plays her own game. The hospitality she has dispensed in the pueblo, or village of adobe houses, which she has built about her own "Big House," in Taos, New Mexico, is famous in the land.

Yet Mabel (née Ganson) Evans-Dodge-Sterne-Luhan, with her four husbands and her lovers—some perhaps fabulous, some self-recorded—and her wide acquaintance, remains an enigma. An enigma, above all, to those who know and like her best. They are the ones who are most rebuffed by the frank detail with which she records, in her "Intimate Memories," not only the private history of her own life, but her very personal estimates of the other humans with whom she has at one time or another been intimately associated. There have been four volumes to date. In the last, "Edge of Taos Desert," Mabel Luhan relates the middle period of her life when she married—now more than a decade ago—not the least distinguished, if the most unexpected of her husbands: Antonio Luhan, a full-blooded Pueblo Indian, of Taos.

Though superficially spectacular, Mabel Luhan's history has always been colored by the fact that she came into the world in Buffalo, New York, hedged about by the conventions and respectabilities of a "leading family," and protected by inherited wealth. It was very much the same circle from which emerged another spectacular American, who also went his own way—Arthur Brisbane, one of Mrs. Luhan's lifelong friends. Money and privilege still cling to this lady, despite depressions and changing times. The cloak of convention she has always worn over her daredevil nature was natural to her, and she was quite astute enough to realize that it enabled her to live much as she pleased—and get away with it. Money gave her mobility, too—she could dart from one place or continent to another when the spirit moved. Since her last marriage she has become much more sedentary and stay-at-home, but seldom a winter passes that she does not start for California or Mexico with "Tony" at the wheel. And every so often, New York begins to call and she takes plane over the Rockies and descends in Washington Square or Rockefeller Center to get "recharged" by contact with the latest young men in the world of creators, the newest music, books, and plays, and the maddest painting, the most recherché restaurants.

The childhood reminiscences in her first volume of Memories, which some prefer to the later volumes, show that the pretty, coquettish-looking little Miss Mabel Ganson, who looks at us in her "coming out dress" from the frontispiece, was born with the physical vitality, zest for life, and the avid curiosity about other human beings and the lives they lead and the ideas that move them which we find recorded throughout her confessional autobiography. Her life at home as a child was not happy, nor as sheltered as it seemed on the surface, and her adventurous, meddlesome, inquiring temperament was pricked to overthrow the inhibitions common to childhood and youth. The girl, too, was something of a mystic, she allowed her intuition to make decisions for her, and scorned the voice of sober judgment. So, by slow and varied stages, she moved out of her original social background, into one entirely of her own creating, in which racial taboos, even, have been set aside.

Nevertheless, the woman who married a Pueblo Indian no more than before renounced formalities or espoused a casual and bohemian or "primitive" way of life. The routine of the Luhan home is clearly modeled on the canons of "civilized" society. Meals are served with care and grace. And with such promptness that the guest who is one minute late finds his hostess seated at table! But the impatient creator of this great beamed adobe dining room, with its highly polished tiled floor, carved Breton buffets, and blazing fire has in herself, under her demure exterior, the quality of adventure. A quality as alluring to men, as it is disturbing to women. By and large, Mabel, though she has good friends among women, is a "man's woman."

But not because she puts herself out very much to adapt herself to the wants and needs of the male. She is too aggressive, too restless, and perhaps too self-centered. Swathed in veils and chiffons, lying on a couch, with her shiny, observant brown eyes fixed earnestly on her companion, Mabel can be quiet as a mouse, and serene as a spring day—for an hour. But suddenly, with no warning, the startled guest will find himself dismissed or deserted. His hostess has sprung up, disappeared to array herself in outdoor clothes; and in a moment he will see her rushing through the patio, rousing her doves, those birds of Venus, to circling flights as she fiercely starts her motor. And then, in a dust-storm she is gone—to the movies, (she is a great movie fan) in the Mexican-Anglo village of Taos; to the Indian pueblo, under the mountain, two miles to the north; to the dentist, a hundred and fifty miles away in Albuquerque. Even to California to see Robinson Jeffers or her grandchildren.

On one occasion a famous Russian

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painter then domiciled in Taos—a man whose least work brought high prices from museums and collectors—was impressed into a service he had obviously no intention of undertaking for this powerful lady. There was a new room, just built at the "Big House," which had a Southwest wood ceiling with the typical beams and intricate Indian pattern of poles set between. Mr. Blank ran over to advise for a minute, as requested, about the rainbow symphony of color to be used in painting the poles. In about five seconds the Sphinx had put a paint brush in his hand and the distinguished Master was on top of a ladder, sloshing on the colors. Though the masterpiece on the easel called, he stayed fuming and furious but fascinated, on that stepladder all day —and "Mabel's new room" was completed.

Mabel Luhan's history, viewed from the perspective of 1938, is less subversive than when she started putting down roots and pulling them up again. She was a sort of forerunner of an American woman we now all know pretty well—the footloose, much-divorced lady, who puts individual expression, change, and diversity before the old laws of hearth and home. Mabel, née Ganson, had but one child, a son, by her first marriage to a Buffalonian of her own set, Karl Evans, who did not lead her far afield, and died prematurely of a hunting accident. It was when the young widow was on her way to Europe, with her baby, that she met her second husband, Edwin Dodge, a well-known Boston architect today. Dodge's esthetic tastes capped her own, and together they bought a historic Florentine villa, and for a full decade lived there an essentially worldly and Europeanized life.

Then, abruptly Mrs. Dodge deserted her fashionable-esthetical drawing room, got her first divorce, and moved with her brocades and teagowns and bibelots to lower Fifth Avenue, New York. Here began a totally new era—a lifetime in itself —when not so much the rich and the great as the young, poor, budding, not-yet-arrived among artists and the radical thinkers of the "intelligentsia" flocked to Mabel Dodge's salon. This was the period pictured in "Movers and Shakers," when our heroine became, in her own estimation, an intellectual and a sociologist; when she lost her head about John Reed, the beloved radical, who later died in Russia. But eventually she put on the harness of matrimony for the third time. A well-known Jewish sculptor, Maurice Sterne, who wished to make studies of Indians, carried her off to Taos, New Mexico, but soon had lost his bride to her present Indian mate.

In "Tony," the tall virile Indian, full of racial pride and power, with his parti-colored blanket, his two long braids wound with colored tape, and his religious nature, Mabel Sterne seems to have met, for the first time, a man who could make a captious, powerful woman, herself a "mover and shaker," into a relatively stay-at-home wife. To those who did not know "Tony," his conquest of the hitherto vagrant and unsubduable was forecast as purely temporary. To those who did, it was no surprise that through him, in Taos and the Southwest, Mabel Sterne's attachment to home and land grew deeper roots. The primitive traits in the woman, which were disrupting in a more mental and mechanized world, here found real earth to grow in. And Mabel's personal dynamo, which had been spinning somewhat in the void all her life, suddenly began to function more creatively. "Tony" could not talk about the white man's books and scorned the white man's follies. But he could plough a field, hunt a deer, raise corn, sing to the deep sound of the drum, speak words of insight and right feeling, regarding the human drama, Indian or white, and knew the cosmic meanings of earth and seasons.

Tony Luhan "could not talk about the white man's books and scorned the white man's follies" . . .

One of Mabel Luhan's pleasures, throughout her wander-years, had been to write letters to the friends of her former existences. So, by the thread of a multifarious correspondence she bound her separate and divergent selves together. Naturally, then, after her marriage to "Tony," when not on horseback in the mountains, visiting in the Indian village, or driving to remote and esoteric rituals, or just reading the latest best seller on her couch, she was sitting at her desk, swiftly scratching invitations to the artists and the writers, the actors and the movie stars, the radicals and the conservatives, to come out and study the Southwest, and record the birth of a new American culture, stemming from the contact of Indian and white.

Many came, you might say multitudes. Men and women of stage and screen, musicians, writers, painters, sociologists; and soon ethnologists and psychoanalysts. From Stokowski, with his specially invented machines to record Indian music, to Robert Edmond Jones, whose stylized and modernistic backgrounds for "Macbeth" (famous in the nineteen twenties) were born of New Mexican influence, to John Collier, social reformer and now the New Deal Indian Commissioner, to D. H. Lawrence himself, this eloquent advocate drew promising converts to the Southwest into her net of faith and words. She fed them royally, loaned them horses and often houses, and generally encouraged them to find here the stimulant to a talent needing expression. Or, with the help of Antonio Luhan, who had become a sort of special diplomat and traveler among his own tribal brothers, she spurred them to comprehend and express Indian meanings and to range themselves beside the taciturn, passive Indian in his fight to preserve his culture.

In the pictures of the early Taos days, Mabel Luhan herself has an Indian look. She is a woman short in stature, with a natural trend to genial roundness. Her eyes are lively, her manner friendly and quiet. Like the Pueblo women, she had for a time a penchant for very full cotton skirts, loose waists, and brown, glossy hair bobbed over the ears. For a time, too, the childlike and naive and benign elements in her nature seemed to come into their own and add to themselves an Indian secrecy and mystery.

But she had not, at bottom, renounced the dominating and dramatic aspects of her own temperament, and before long New Mexico was ringing with her battles, just as New York and Florence and Buffalo had rung with them. There were battles with and for the Indians, and there was the more underground and subtle battle with D. H. Lawrence, her most bitter and determined antagonist. Both attracted and repelled, this great English novelist bore witness to Mabel's effect upon him, not only in his Letters, but in several books, where the curious may smell out her portrait in a variety of disguises.

Mabel's answer, after Lawrence's death, was "Lorenzo in Taos," and then the fray was continued and the gauntlet picked up by others; Mrs. Frieda Lawrence, the wife, and the Hon. Dorothy Brett, who, as the self-abnegating secretary of D. H. L., had followed him to the high mountain ranch which he had purchased from Mabel for the manuscript of "Sons and Lovers." Such is the effect of high altitude and high tension and the influence of a great genius that, to this day, the quarrels—as about the disposal of Lawrence's ashes—ring from the stone mountains of New Mexico and echo under the virgin pines.

When Mrs. Luhan started to write the "Intimate Memories," it seemed as if they were a sort of sequence to the letters to friends that preceded them. They were written in odd moments, here and there, and given to initiates to read in secret. The first plan was to put the seditious volumes, with their "low-down" on her total acquaintance list, and their aim of "total recall," away in a vault until twenty-five years after her death. Trustees were

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solemnly appointed and manuscripts incarcerated under lock and key.

But an eager publisher and public, and a trend toward the melodramatic and outspoken in the popular taste, plus the natural desire of one who has written millions of words on white paper to see her words, in print, have won out. All manuscripts are expurgated, but the red pencil grows more lazy with the years. It is already clear that these books, so brilliant and so dull, must ultimately be reduced to a volume of selections. Any reader will discern in them a woman of extremes, and a child of the *enfant terrible* variety, who has never quite outgrown the pleasure of lighting fires in inopportune places—under a lady's skirts, or a lover's devotion. The result is that the public has come to read the books for their scandal content, rather than for their real literary merit, their re-creation of the past, their portraits, burning narratives, and visual perceptions. And this is really too bad.

Indeed those who have experienced "Mabel's" generosity and her ability to kindle flames of performance in the arts do not hesitate to say that she has been far more cruel to herself than to her victims. All writers know the temptation to make the material of their lives into book fodder, as she has done. But life material transformed by imagination into a play or a novel has far less explosive power than the transformation of the living ex-husbands, ex-lovers, and ex-guests into a book of spicy memoirs. It is an axiom that living relationship of this sort is a sensitive plant, which does not bear exposure to the fire. Those who formerly went to Taos spontaneously, now go warily, realizing that they risk becoming characters in a book of confessions. Nevertheless, the splendid hospitality goes on when the author is in the mood.

Probably the most talked about woman in the Southwest is best understood by her Indian husband, by her son, John Evans—himself twice married and a writer—by her favorite psychoanalyst, Dr. A. A. Brill, of New York, and by a small group of Buffalo friends who have stuck fast through the earthquakes which "Intimate Memories" have caused in her native city. But I would put close behind these certain friends of the artistic confraternity, who are wise enough to recognize in Mabel Luhan a sort of genius at the mercy herself of the play of negative and positive forces with which all artists have to reckon.

"I feel," she says in the preface to her second volume of Memories, "a gladness rising in me at the thought of—giving myself away whole, all of me, to the world."

Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant, who has owned an adobe house near Santa Fé since 1921, is the author of "Fire under the Andes." She has had a close connection with the Pueblo Indians through writing, personal contact, and government research.

The Vain Skeleton

CHATEAUBRIAND: Poet, Statesman, Lover.' By André Maurois. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

IN the year of grace 1938, in these United States, what is Chateaubriand to us or we to Chateaubriand? Do we still read even "René" and "Atala"? Have we ever read the five volumes of "Le Génie du Christianisme," of which they are a part? What of the "Mémoires d'Outre-tombe"? These are the questions which immediately rose to my mind when I received this latest biography by André Maurois. Biography has become a major modern industry, and I am always puzzled as to whether these books are addressed to people already familiar with the literature on the subject, or whether they are supposed to interest an entirely new audience in a subject of which they know nothing. When I read "Ariel" it merely drove me back to Dowden's life of Shelley. When I read "Byron," I learned nothing that I had not gleaned from previous biographers. This is not intended as a specific criticism of André Maurois, the witty author of "The Silence of Colonel Bramble" and "General Bramble" so much as a generic criticism of modern biographers.

When I began to read this Chateaubriand, its immediate effect was to remind me of an amusing and interesting book about the man which is not even listed in M. Maurois's generous paragraphs of bibliographical acknowledgment. I refer to the series of lectures delivered in Paris by Jules Lemaître in 1911 or 1912. Some of his phrases recurred to me. Chateaubriand "was born with a total lack of simplicity," "he invented a new way of being sad"; "even his skeleton was vain," referring to his tomb at St. Malo. "What a man, my dear, when he talks about religion!" No such phrases adorn the work of M. Maurois. He, in fact, takes François René de Chateaubriand quite seriously, and he has assembled all the essential facts of his life, although he glosses over the highly ambiguous attachment between René and his sister Lucile, despite the fact Chateaubriand himself implied that it was incestuous, thereby possibly encouraging Byron to emulate him.

What is Chateaubriand to us or we to Chateaubriand? Well, he was the obvious prototype of the Romanticist hero: poet, statesman, lover. He managed to arrange his life in the pattern of that type. It also happened that his long life included the French Revolution, the Empire, the Bourbon restoration. It also included Mme. de Staël, Mme. Récamier, Hortense Allart, Pauline de Beaumont, Delphine de Custine—the Muses familiar to all students of French literary history. It was Voltaire who said that, if God did not exist, he would have to be invented. René François de Chateaubriand said, "if there had not been a Chateaubriand, how different the world would be." That is a thought which inspired Lemaître's delightful lectures. Saintsbury held that "the best and most characteristic part of Byron is only Chateaubriand in English, in verse, and with no crucifixes." Chateaubriand and Napoleon, for diverse reasons best known to their irreconcilable selves, decided to reëstablish the Christian religion. If anyone who has read "Le Génie du Christianisme," with its incestuous interlude "René," can envisage Chateaubriand as a defender of the Faith, then the Christian religion is truly all things to all men.

M. Maurois gives a slyly amusing account of Chateaubriand's visit to this country in 1791, and of his amazement at the absence of the kind of idyllic democracy which he fully expected to find as conjured up by his romantic imagination. "He expected to meet with a Cincinnatus, a Cato or a Franklin at every crossroad. The disparity of wealth, the unscrupulousness of banking and gaming-houses, the rowdyism of ballrooms and theatres shocked him." He was the typical French provincial who can never understand the peculiarities of any other temperament.

I have indicated a certain skepticism as to the interest in such a figure as Chateaubriand in this sorely troubled modern world. That is not to deny the part played in the development of French literature by a writer whose interests were multiform and whose style was beautiful. M. Maurois confesses his "great admiration for the writer, one of those who have exercised the most lasting and profound influence on French literature." Yet it will always be a question whether the Romantic Movement really did as much for French literature as for German and English. Lamartine and Victor Hugo after him, Rousseau before him, are evidence that the seeds of Romanticism in France did not fall on barren ground. But France has never produced a Shakespeare or a Goethe, nor is there anything in English or German to compare with Racine, Boileau, or a sermon by Bourdaloue.

Chateaubriand was indubitably the great French Romantic, trying to graft his Gothic on the classical tradition. It is that, rather than his life as a highly successful *poseur*, which still interests the student of French literature. Whether he is a good subject for a popular biography will be determined by fate. I am in the unhappy position of greatly admiring the talents of M. Maurois when he turns a delightful French mind to the study of British idiosyncrasies, but I have never been able to see any particular reason why he should write biographies. All the facts of success are against me, so I plead a lost cause, the voice of one crying in the wilderness against unnecessary lives of those whose biographies are already available to all who are really interested. Sainte-Beuve and Jules Lemaître can still interest me in Chateaubriand.

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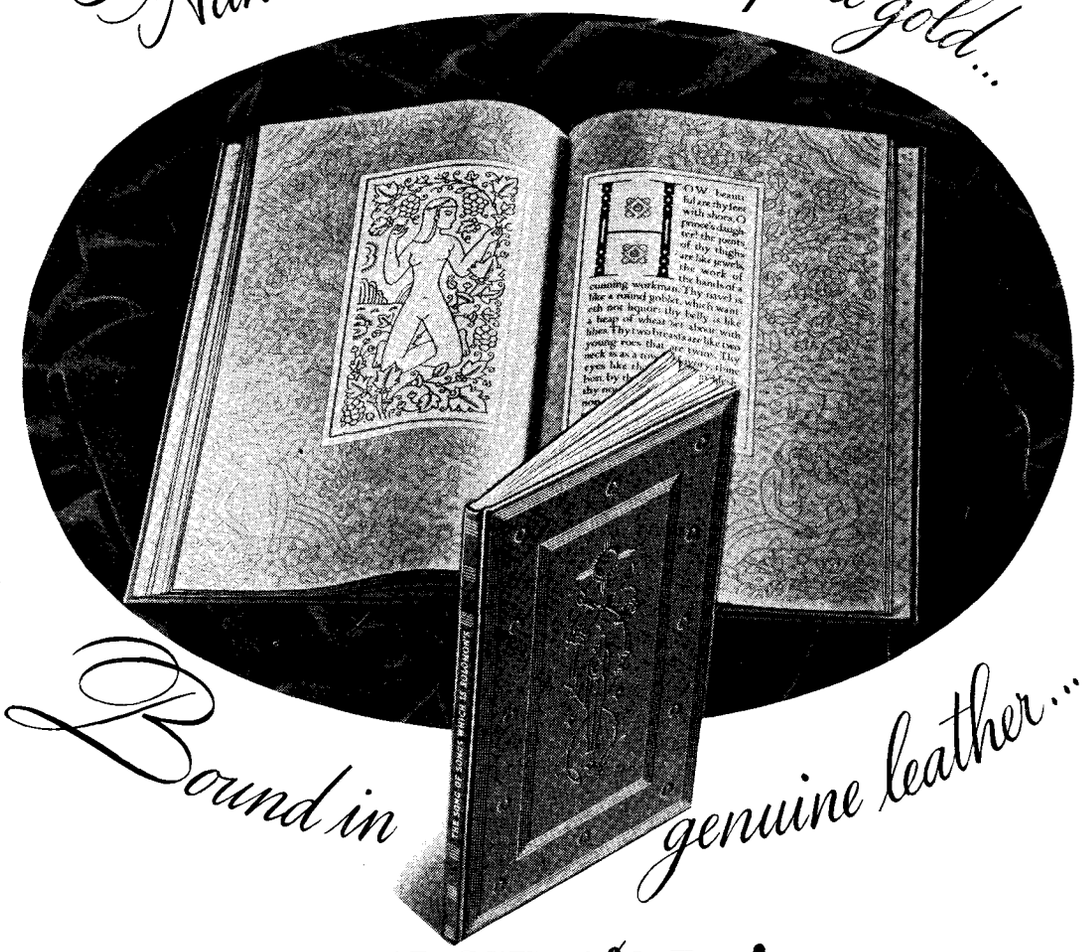

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A Slight Case of Anglophobia

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. By Robert Briffault. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

THIS is the most vitriolic attack upon Great Britain and everything British which has appeared in recent years. While Quincy Howe and Margaret Halsey, in denouncing and debunking the English, appear to write with tongues in their respective cheeks, Robert Briffault is in deadly earnest. (Does Simon and Schuster have a monopoly on Anglophobia?) Mr. Briffault, whose career has encompassed medicine, soldiery, anthropology, and novel writing, has found his fellow-countrymen completely lacking in intellect, integrity, and even the simpler English virtues. The persistent folly of British statesmen, down to and including Neville Chamberlain, is hastening the inevitable decline and fall of the Empire, while Mr. Briffault rejoices at the catastrophe. As an example of Britannia-baiting, his book is a masterpiece of vituperation; as history and political science, it is only a brilliant collection of half-truths.

It is the contention of Mr. Briffault that Britain became a first-rate power only at the end of the eighteenth century, because of initial commercial supremacy and accumulation of wealth. With the decline in economic leadership—in textiles, coal, steel, and shipping—the foundations of Britain's power have already disappeared, leaving only the semblance of imperial glory for Mr. Chamberlain to throw away. Through a century of world domination the rulers of Britain have created a myth of moral superiority, sufficient to overawe other nations, including the United States, and to terrify primitive people. The land-owning nobles and coupon-clipping burghers have skillfully combined forces to keep the masses in their miserable place. Even trade union leaders and Labor Party politicians have succumbed to the charm of the public school statesman, who has made England safe for "gentlemen" during centuries of revolutions. Mr. Briffault excoriates every aspect of British civilization—social structure, government, religion, even sportsmanship—as based upon corruption and hypocrisy, subtly designed to safeguard the property and prerogatives of the ruling classes. Far from being a democracy, Britain is the foremost reactionary country in the world and the silent partner in every fascist brutality and repression.

From this brief summary, which does not do justice to Mr. Briffault's delightful epigrams and disconcerting cynicism, it should be obvious that underneath exaggeration and distortion lies an essence of truth. This diatribe against the British is a worthwhile antidote to the excessive sentimentalism of many Anglophils in this country, although—like their after-dinner speeches—it should be taken with several grains of salt. In the last analysis, however, one prefers more than just a repetition, even though exceedingly effective, of the ancient sport of twisting the British Lion's well-knotted tail.

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Here is a Christmas Card for a Christmas that might never have happened. The author says that having passed the average of his actuarial Expectancy, everything is velvet and he can say what he feels. Appropriately enough, this little volume was published yesterday, the day after Thanksgiving. We suggest that you read it, not only because it is heaped to the full with Christopher Morley's own intimate charm, but because it will be an endless reminder of your own thoughts and emotions during one of the great crises of the century.

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Something for Nothing

SUCKER'S PROGRESS. An Informal History of Gambling in America from the Colonies to Canfield. By Herbert Asbury. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by FAIRFAX DOWNEY

THIS book about gambling is, like most other books, itself a gamble. Authors and publishers often face long odds. A reader pays his money and takes his chance, perhaps after consulting one of those tipsters called reviewers. According to this one's dopesheet, "Sucker's Progress" is a pretty fair bet, and readers may venture a stake on it without apprehending that the title may have a personal application. For Mr. Asbury's Pegasus is a good mud horse and has galloped home handily over such tough courses as the Five Points of old New York, the Barbary Coast of San Francisco, and the French Quarter of New Orleans.

Cold decks and crooked dice. Fleecing faro. Roulette and the run-around. Counterfeit sweepstakes tickets, still bought by many Americans seeking to make a not disinterested contribution to Irish hospitals. Policy or "numbers" rackets, run by gangsters. For all these the great American sucker has fallen and continues to fall. While Mr. Asbury presents the evidence, he lets most of the moralizing be read between the lines. Skullduggery, human gullibility, and the almost universal urge to gamble in one way or another, he takes for granted. But he misses no opportunity to stress the alliances between gamblers, criminals, and politicians.

"Sucker's Progress" sketches the careers of such premier gamblers as John Morrissey, heavyweight champion, member of Congress and the New York State Senate; of Bet-a-Million Gates, America's greatest gambler; of Canfield, "the richest professional gambler in all history." The book is full of fascinating personalities and incidents. One only wishes that they had been more fully developed at the expense of a mass of less interesting details which, while they make the book more comprehensive, operate in part against its readability. It is well illustrated and indexed.

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RANDOM HOUSE, 20 E. 57th St., N.Y.C.

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Books and the Next War

(*Continued from page 4*)

the United States: "If American property rights, political institutions and civil liberties were left undisturbed, the average American would hardly notice the change"? The best that can be said is that his book, filled with half-truths, decried preparedness. Alfred Vagts's "History of Militarism" climbed on the bandwagon in a ponderous effort to differentiate "between militarism and the military way." In 510 pages Mr. Vagts stated what Charles Dickens put in six words—"it's the seasoning as does it."

The trend was definitely towards examination of national consciousness in the light of actuality, past and present. To Wythe Williams, veteran correspondent, goes the palm for a sane discussion of the past, and shrewd forecast of the future, in "Dusk of Empire," which may be classed as one of the most significant books of 1937. "The signs seem clear," he wrote, "that not only the French but the entire European system of collective security has broken down as result of collective muddling by inept statesmen who are now recognized leaders." That statement might have been penned this morning instead of, as actually, two years ago.

Borchard and Lage's "Neutrality for the U. S." followed the same theme as had "Road to War" and "Can We Be Neutral?" A studious work, it gave a résumé of our actions in the World War, advocated isolation, and drew the conclusion: "There is no improvised formula to insure abstention from war and yet maintain national dignity."

On the eve of the Japanese attack upon China came several timely discussions of warfare of today. Liddell Hart led the way with "Europe in Arms," a compilation of articles previously published here and abroad, glorifying the Hart thesis of defensive superiority. The writer of this article, in collaboration with George Fielding Eliot, brought forth "If War Comes," and *Fortune* utilized much of its data concurrently. The *New York Times* had sent brilliant young Hanson Baldwin abroad during the summer to take a look-see at the European military picture, resulting in his book, "The Caissons Roll," a compilation of articles already published in his newspaper.

Which brings us to the year of grace 1938—a year probably unparalleled for multitudinous world-shaking events. Herbert L. Matthews's "Two Wars and More to Come," dealing with his experiences in Ethiopia and Spain, was a fine piece of reportorial writing. He called them as he saw them, and no one can ask more. "And So to War," by Hubert C. Herring, bluntly put the case for isolation plus neutrality in the midst of the Sino-Japanese developments, the Panay incident, Britain's rearmament after her backdown from Mussolini's frown, the Russo-Japanese clash on the Amur, our own much-needed and still progressing naval preparations, our spy-scare. All these things, related at length in the press, had fused national defense and international relationships into correlation.

Followed the absorption of Austria into the Reich and the latest Germanic moves, at a tempo which has left the world gasping. The disintegration of Czechoslovakia, so it seems from the avidity with which press and radio followed it, brought American world-consciousness to an all-time high. It did more than that. It perched us on a see-saw betwixt dictatorships and democracies—between calm consideration of our national needs and the emotional "help the under-dog" sentimentality which has always marked American participation in foreign affairs—and released a horde of propagandist tub-thumpers in an orgy of ballyhoo to urge the nation into their respective dens along the Midway of the world circus.

Eugene Lyons, under "War-Mongering on the Left," in the *American Mercury* for November, handles this last without gloves. We may well ponder on his statement: "The United States is the one country whose geography and resources make it possible, at least, for her to stay out of the next World War. Limited as the possibility may be, it should not be thrown away for a mess of illusory slogans. . . . The emotional appeal . . . is fairly overwhelming to people frightened by the dictatorial tide, and maddened by the aggressions and inhumanities of fascist nations."

And so to the latest in significant books—"The Ramparts We Watch," by George Fielding Eliot. Major Eliot, whose four years of service with the Australians from Gallipoli to the Somme certainly qualify him to discuss matters military, focuses attention on our own American problems of security. His book, a happy contrast to "The Tragic Fallacy," appears at an auspicious time. As much may be said of Carleton Beals's "The Coming Struggle for Latin America." Taken together, these books offer a graphic consideration not only of Pan-American problems in international relationships, but also of the steps open for solution.

Returning to our original question: Is American opinion crystallizing into a belief that international relationships are today ruled by the law of claw and fang? The answer appears to be in the affirmative. Whether contemporary literature on the subject has been cause or effect is not so apparent. This writer believes that a free press relating events foreign and domestic has been primary cause, and that more serious literature in book form has followed rather than led public opinion.

The big thing—the most important thing—is the net result: that there has become available to the American reading public a wide bibliography upon a subject of basic interest: the national defense. Certainly no one who has followed news of the day for the last three years can fail to conclude that the pendulum of public opinion has swung away from the dangerous extreme of peace at any price. How far it is returning to the equally dangerous valor of ignorance is a pertinent question. A strangely martial note is sounding from the sibilant silver bugles of pacifism. Be it true or false, the soldier must remark it. The civilian will do well to inquire into the motives of the composers ere he follows blindly the modern Pied Pipers.

The opinions presented and the conclusions drawn are those of an individual soldier-author. They are not to be taken as official War Department views, nor as necessarily reflecting the views of the services at large. Major Dupuy, co-author of "If War Comes," is on the staff of the United States Military Academy, West Point.

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Japan without Glamor

IMPERIAL JAPAN, 1926-1938. By A. Morgan Young. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by MAXWELL S. STEWART

NEARLY all the books that have been written about Japan can be divided into two classes. First, and perhaps the most numerous, are those which deal with the romance and exoticism of Japan, of which the best known among recent works is Willard Price's "Children of the Rising Sun." Balancing these are the debunking volumes, of which there have been a number since the outbreak of the present undeclared war in China. In this setting Mr. A. Morgan Young has made a unique contribution. He has set down in an unemotional and objective fashion a chronology of happenings in Japan during the past eleven years. There is little debunking, and even less romanticism. From his desk as editor of the *Japan Chronicle* Mr. Young has had an unparalleled opportunity to see through the flimsy pretexts which the Japanese military have utilized to conceal their crude ambitions. The result is a straightforward story, devoid of prejudice or malice.

If the story is not a pretty one, the responsibility rests on the shoulders of the small clique who have turned life in once placid Japan into a veritable nightmare. There were brief intervals in the first part of the period when it appeared as if Japan would develop rather normally into a modern nation. By the beginning of 1927 Japan had largely recovered from the effects of the earthquake. Its prestige in the council of nations was at a high point. Its relations with China were unusually good. It had a strong, progressive government, relatively free from corruption. It was just starting on the road of industrialization which would transform it into one of the great industrial powers of the world. But though the government was more democratic and honest than had hitherto been the case, and though universal manhood suffrage was just coming into effect, genuine democracy was yet far from being achieved. The Diet had never attained a position of power even comparable to that occupied by the English Parliament or the American Congress. Violence and corruption were still more or less accepted modes of political behavior. Already there were manifestations of the revival of the super-patriotic movement which was soon to sweep what popular government existed into discard.

Reaction first gained control during Tanaka's brief Premiership, but the Hamaguchi government, with the distinguished statesman Baron Shidehara as Foreign Minister, again sought to introduce progressive principles from 1929 to 1931. But this proved to be liberalism's last stand. With the onset of the world crisis, which hit Japan earlier and more severely than most countries, the military and naval groups, always influential in Japan, began an open campaign against the "weak" civilian government. The London Naval Conference, at which Japan accepted a continuation of the 5-5-3 ratio, was taken as a pretext for a virulent attack on the government. Finally, on September 18, 1931, the army took things into its own hands and launched an attack on Manchuria, thus wrecking the conciliatory policy which Baron Shidehara had been desperately trying to put through. From then on, super-patriotism has been on a rampage. The liberal elements within the country have been hunted and persecuted until the voice of conscience has been completely silenced.

As far as Japan's internal situation is concerned, Mr. Young gives little hope that the reign of murder and conquest will soon end. He suggests, however, that possibly the military clique has already overreached itself and underestimated Chinese resistance. Defeat on the battlefield is the one development likely to free Japan to resume the march of progress interrupted seven years ago.

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In Quest of Youth

AS ONCE YOU WERE. By A. S. M. Hutchinson, Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

IT is nearly twenty years since "If Winter Comes" appeared and dashed immediately into the best seller lists. The book had a combination of wit and wistfulness that appealed to the war-tired general reader. While being convincingly factual it avoided the too realistic.

"As Once You Were" has, in a paler way, many of the same qualities as the earlier novel. Much of the wit has changed into whimsy and the wistfulness has grown more pervasive. It tells the story of a "young" Englishman of fifty who wants, after half a century of getting and spending, to return to a youth remembered as being full of thrills and high expectancies. Piers Exceat is the hero, and the book is his "recherche du temps perdu."

Exceat has an idea that all "the past selves of a man are still inside him, stored up somewhere in his subconsciousness." He procures the externals of his remembered boyhood: in a beloved house of the past, with the most ingenious of modern bicycles, with a stamp album of a size and capacity surpassing all dreams of youth, he starts in upon his experiment in happy retrogression. Nibbling delicately at earlier decades, he thinks for a time that he has found the true flavor once more. But he has reckoned without the traditional little figure with the bow and arrow. How escape, how even wish to escape, a present in which love is?

Mr. Hutchinson reverses, to a very considerable degree, the usual manner of writing novels. Where ordinarily the plot stands strong as background upon which the characters and actions outline their temporary patterns, with Mr. Hutchinson the shadows of the men and women, the premonitions and recollections of actions, cast outlines of a plot which never quite knits into firmness. It is always in the amusing little day-by-day encounters that he is at his best: his secondary characters are always humorously and eccentrically alive. There is some irony that shapes our ends, too, and it is the fate of Mr. Hutchinson that caring most for the high emotions, love, devotion, sacrifice, it is from less exalted ones, more intimately shown, that he gains color and warmth for his novels.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 243)

COLLEY CIBBER: LOVE IN A RIDDLE (PROLOGUE)

Why should our native tongue not bear its part?
Why after learned warblers must we pant
And dote on aires which only they can chaunt?
Methinks 'twere hard if in the cheerful spring
Were none but nightingales allowed to sing!

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Mature men and women have read this letter which became a book. They have found this honest, vivid answer to a boyish question, a document revealing a quest common to them all—a quest for a philosophy under which man can understand the world as it is, good and evil, and in which he can hope to find the guidance to a better world of his own creation. For the things he writes and for the manner of his writing, Robert Ballou's book is beautiful and important.

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The New Books

Drama

TRIAL OF A JUDGE. By Stephen Spender. Random House. 1938. $1.50.

Mr. Stephen Spender's political "dramatic statement in five acts" will both please and disappoint those who saw in "Poems" and "Vienna" the emergence of a significant new poet. It is free from the indignation that marred "Vienna," but like that poem it fails as an organic whole. The poet has treated his material with greater objectivity, has restrained his resentment, and has supplanted his tendency to occasional rant by passages of controlled passion.

The rise of the Nazi movement in Germany furnishes the motivation and background for the play, but there is no mention of Hitler or of the term Nazi. The author does not, moreover, particularize his scene by dramatizing a specific historic incident, although his inspiration undoubtedly has a basis in fact. His hatred of Nazism is evident, but it is the effect of a decision forced upon a liberal judge by this movement and his later regret over his weakness that interests him, not the movement itself.

Consciously or unconsciously Mr. Spender has unfortunately used Mr. T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral" as his model. Like his model, his play is deficient in characterization, in suspense, and in conflict—in short, in those qualities which for most of us are necessary for good drama; although it does contain a few moving and powerful scenes. The dialogue ranges from prose of the streets through that of the English ritual to poetry that surpasses any that he has yet given us. The latter is reflective, impassioned, vivid, and above all, nostalgic from a sense of lost idealism. One will best appreciate its merits in the library where there is time leisurely to enjoy the many beautiful monodies of the Judge, of Petra's Brother, of his Fiancée, and of his Mother.

The range of Mr. Spender's verse is narrow. Some persons will find it monotonous; others (and we are among them) will find sufficient subtlety and variety within that limited range to afford a deeply satisfying esthetic pleasure. "Trial of a Judge" indicates that Mr. Spender can draw his inspiration from sources outside of himself. This warrants us in thinking that we may expect to see a steady growth in his poetic stature.

J. G. S.

Fiction

THE VALIANT WOMAN. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Harpers. 1938. $2.50.

Because of her observation, her vivacity, and her good sense, Miss Kaye-Smith escapes that impression of tired skill wasted on unimportant objects which is common among British novelists of today. But this new book of hers, another novel of her own Sussex, is still an intricate pattern rather than an assemblage of lives. She states many problems and sketches many situations; but she does not develop them. She goes into the question of the minimum wage; of the movement away from the farms; of the degeneration of the countryside; of the contrasting points of view of older and younger generations; of the influence of the Roman Catholic creed. Yet it is mostly in the tone of pleasant and witty conversation that she approaches these issues; she does not make them seem capable of contorting human lives. Not even the central theme—the philosophy of the strong woman married to a weak man—has much force, though it is built up with great care and intelligence.

Contented Cowplain, where the action takes place, must be unique among villages; though the daughter of one of the squires elopes with a married man, and the whole village talks it over, there isn't a cat among them; everyone is sorry and eager to spare her mother and father. Against these sensible and virtuous villagers, the gentry and the newcomers seem eccentric and slovenly. The gentry have lost their vitality and their money; the newcomers have little of either, and no taste besides. The village is sufficiently isolated—though it is not without its American slang—so that it has not been spiritually corrupted by the crass new world. Though there are rumors and even evidences of a changing world, Sweet Cowplain still spiritually antedates the Industrial Revolutions.

Perhaps there is hope for the gentry in that the squire's daughter is writing a proletarian novel staged in a privy; and that the parson's wife smokes, swears, and *hates* the Girls' Club.

K. S.

A STRANGER CAME TO PORT. By Max Miller. Reynal & Hitchcock. 1938. $2.

Max Miller is still covering the waterfront, and still doing so fine a job of it that no one can object to his continuing his coverage through every book he writes. The best sections of this short novel are those giving us his first hand reporting on tuna fishing (a particularly exciting chapter on this), salvage hunting, trolling in shallow waters, and one beautifully done portrait of a tough little water rat called Lobster Johnny. Less interesting is the main plot itself, about a man named Hardson, who leaves his business and his family to find out what life can mean to him in a year of freedom, alone. Waiving comment on his curious reasons for leaving—the demands of unions for a voice in his business—the chief weakness of the story is its lack of movement. The whole thing is viewed retrospectively. The year is over and we follow Hardson's musings through the book, looking backward with a great deal of tranquillity and very little emotion. It would have had more life in straight narrative form, and seemed less patchy.

N. L. R.

History

AMERICAN PROBLEMS OF TODAY: A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES SINCE THE WORLD WAR. By Louis M. Hacker. Crofts. 1938. $3.

In this book of only 354 pages Professor Hacker presents systematically the history of the United States from the election of President Harding to the Wages and Hours Bill which went into effect a few weeks ago. Considering the enormous number and extreme complexity of the source materials which had to be dealt with, the author could not have achieved his end without rigorous selection and heroic condensation. Nevertheless no topic of real importance is overlooked, no argument skimped. Primarily Professor Hacker concerns himself with the political and economic phases of our recent history; among the problems which he discusses most fully are tariffs, public debt, capital and labor,

(*Continued on page* 24)

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—*Providence, R. I. Journal*

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—*Springfield, Mass. Evening Union*

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—*Springfield, Mass. Republican*

It was while in the gorilla country where Carl Akeley, the great naturalist and explorer, sickened and died. Leigh describes the scene of this death, the first first-hand account I ever have read of it.
—*San Diego, Cal. Union*

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—*Santa Barbara, Cal. Morning News Press*

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—*New Yorker, New York*

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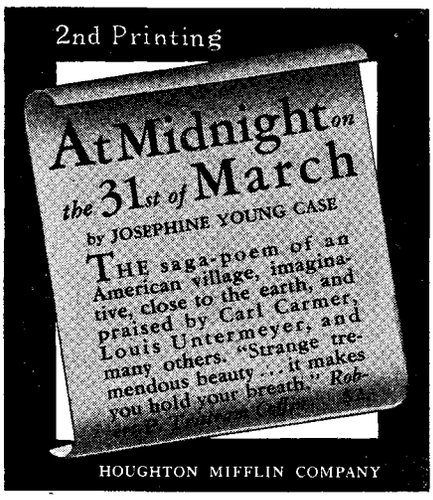
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The New Books

(*Continued from page* 22)

agriculture, railroads, prohibition, the depression, the New Deal, the Supreme Court fight, and foreign policy. Innumerable admirably constructed maps, charts, and statistical tables supplement the text. While political and economic problems thus predominate, still the chapter devoted to "Life, Letters, and Art in the Machine Age" is fully up to the high standard of the rest of the book.

The most controversial topic dealt with in "American Problems of Today" is, of course, the New Deal. Professor Hacker treats it in all its ramifications and apparently without prejudice. Not that he claims for himself "an Olympian objectivity." On the contrary he refers in his introduction to the environmental and educational influences which have determined his approach to the central problems of our time. Certainly the difficulties which President Roosevelt now faces both in the economic field at home and in foreign affairs are not minimized by the author. "Put baldly," he sums up, "the New Deal was a political program in behalf of agricultural landlords and big commercial farmers, organized trade unionists, and oversea investors and imperialist promoters." That is putting it baldly indeed, for some crumbs fell from the table via WPA and relief to the advantage of agricultural laborers and others. R. C. B.

BEWARE FAMILIAR SPIRITS. By John Mulholland. Scribners. 1938. $2.50.

There is probably no more heartless swindle than operated by the phony spiritist mediums who cash in on the inextinguishable anguish of forever losing contact with the beloved. Probably no one knows more about the racket than John Mulholland, who has been sworn at, threatened, and even shot at while acquiring the information. A book from him on the subject of spiritism, false and true, would therefore be worth while under any conditions; and this particular book would be worth while no matter who produced it, for it is written in a judicial temper extremely rare on either side of a subject that has the gift of making intelligent men into monkeys. Conan Doyle, for example, with his angry insistence on the genuineness of "spirit photographs" of fairies in which the light fell on the little people from exactly the opposite direction in which it reached the rest of the scene.

Says Mulholland in a thoroughly characteristic passage: "Even though it were proved—and it is not—that everyone professing to be a medium is *ipso facto* a swindler and libertine, there would still be the question of whether these swindlers and libertines can communicate with the dead." Now this is extremely handsome of him, considering that his book is to a certain extent a history of the highlights of the Spiritualist movement, and in the role of honest chronicler, he is required to record that the Fox sisters, who began the whole thing, were a pair of mischievous little girls bumping an apple on the floor, while D. D. Home and Ada O'Delia Diss Debar, who followed them as great figures of the most credulous semi-religious movement in history, were both frauds convicted in the public courts.

The tone of the book, besides being temperate and non-polemical, is easy and anecdotal throughout, with enough good stories about inexplicable happenings and struggles with fake mediums to keep a conversation going for a month. The best of the former is that of how Phil Stong missed the New York subway

(*Continued on page* 26)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH BEYOND THE GO-THRU *Baynard H. Kendrick* (Crime Club: $2.)	Series of unexplained deaths and mishaps around Florida lumber mill cleared up by Stan Rice, who almost joins corpses.	Deadly activity of especially well-concealed killer on dark rivers and in gloomy cypress swamps keeps reader and sleuth guessing.	Good stuff
THE D. A. HOLDS A CANDLE *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.)	Carbon monoxided vagrant in California tourist cabin means much work and many surprises for District Attorney Selby.	Expertly contrived and logically solved yarn of murder and gambling—but nondescript characters cut down the interest.	Average
MYSTERY IN WHITE *Jefferson Farjeon* (Bobbs-Merrill: $2.)	Snowbound English travelers leave train, stumble on vacant mansion, also triple murder which psychic investigator solves.	Grandly sinister air of entire proceeding and excellent character bits overbalance rather nebulous feeling of deftly written tale.	Atmospheric
THE SPYMASTER *E. Phillips Oppenheim* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Dealer in government secrets checkmated, Europe saved from conflict, by dauntless Guy Cheshire of British Naval Intelligence.	Florestan, the villain, and his enigmatic wife are among author's best creations. And prophetic nature of plot verges on uncanny.	Entertaining

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE Book Fair in Boston (November 13-19), sponsored by the Boston *Herald*, held at the Public Library and ably abetted by the local trade, was a well deserved success. The exhibits—including a line-up of the 1,000 Best Books of 1938, the hut in which Admiral Byrd went solitary at the South Pole, and a miniature illuminated and bell-chiming model of a Dickensian village (made by Miss Louise Stimson, 3 Winchester Street, Brookline, Mass.)—were properly admired. Distinguished authors spoke in shoals and were allowed a secret cigarette in the Trustees' Room of the Library before Dick Fuller escorted them (by a cryptic and speluncophile route through the stacks) to the platform. ☞Mr. Charles Lee of the Boston *Herald*, presided with that admirable grace known as aplomb, and with the lighter touch so desirable in dealing with Authors. ☞Old Q., walking delegate from 45 Street, must be pardoned for thinking that the Apex of the shindy was when he was gazetted a free bottle of champagne by Arthur Murray's Boston Dance Studio (in the Hotel Statler) for the smoothest novice performance of the Lambeth Walk. There were witnesses to this: we can call on Mr. Van Wyck Mason, author of that lively Revolutionary novel *Three Harbours*, to asseverate. ☞It was only a publisher from New York who said he didn't approve of the Boston Public Library putting an advertisement for soap over the front door. This, when examined, proved to be the Library's innocent motto OMNIUM LUX CIVIUM. ☞One of the things we noticed was a copy of *The Journal of Documentary Reproduction*, published quarterly by the American Library Association (Chicago) to record the achievements and technique of the microfilm. It should be of great value to scholars. ☞We had opportunity to pay our personal homage to Mr. Charles Goodspeed (whose delightful *Yankee Bookseller* has gone to a 2nd edition) and were interested to hear him say that one of the most vivid descriptions of a literary auction sale is a story by John Taintor Foote called *The Fatal Gesture*. ☞Mr. Goodspeed also told us his exciting adventure some years ago with a tycoon who instructed him to buy the publisher's entire stock of the Rackham-illustrated *Night Before Christmas* and mail them to a list of friends as Christmas presents—and did not even blench when there proved to be 4,200 copies. ☞Old Q. has never forgotten that it was from Mr. Goodspeed, at an absurdly low price, he bought one of the original copies of Addison's *Spectator*—the number for July 26, 1712, which has the Horatian motto (very appropriate for the courageous book trade) *Si fractus illabatur orbis impavidum ferient ruinae.*

☞The universal custom of the author receiving 6 gratis copies of his own book was started by the admirable Sarah Josepha Hale, editor (100 years ago) of *Godey's Lady's Book*. She had five children and whenever she published anything she insisted on a free copy for each of them. She made this a point in her contracts, and it became usual everywhere. ☞Few authors since that time have ventured to have more than 5 children. ☞This we learn from Ruth Finley's agreeable biography, *The Lady of Godey's*, reissued in a new edition by Lippincott. ☞Mrs. H. P. Cantlie of Montreal sends us a very interesting photostat of an inscription on a blank page of the 1902-03 Autopsy Book of the Montreal General Hospital. It was written by the famous Dr. John McCrae (author of *In Flanders Field*) when he was pathologist to that hospital. Dr. McCrae wrote:

Here begynneth ye Booke of ye Deade, wherein is fayrely set foorth ye last state of four Hundred and seventeene persones thᵗ have departed this lyfe; wherein be tabled diverse straunge and fearsome condicions yᵗ have ledde to ye same final ende: God have them of his grace.

The kindly doctor continued with the following, in quotations; Mrs. Cantlie asks if anyone knows its provenance? Perhaps McCrae wrote it himself?—

"Our lyfe is but a winter's day:
Some only breakfast, and away.
Others to dinner stay, and are fulle fedde.
The oldest man but suppes, and goes to bedde.
Large is his dette yᵗ lingers out the day—
He that goes soonest, hath the least to pay!"

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"I was sitting in a flood of air, the slip stream from the propeller eddying about my head. The sky had never looked so far, so high. I see it now: the wide sweep of the aerodrome, and there, framed between my flying wires, the four Dewoitine single-seater fighters, each with its high solitary plane braced by two diagonal struts from the undercarriage, each camouflaged dark mottled green. The red, yellow and purple of the Spanish Republic slash the rudder. Foreboding, sinister about the fuselage, a crimson ribbon—a banner of the Revolution. Spain looked at me, still, sullen. I had known its fascination before; I have known it since. But, for me, all the Peninsula is contained in that vision of the field of La Mancha. It is all in that moment when I opened my eyes on it. Only a moment; a moment of strength, of romance, of glamour—of youth. A flicker of sunshine upon a strange shore: a time to remember.. "

THE PATROL IS ENDED

by Oloff de Wet

$3.00 DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

NOT A BAD IDEA—

We have been impressed of late by the number of new subscribers who tell us they first heard of *The Saturday Review* through an enthusiastic friend. Not a bad idea. Why not show your friends a copy of the SRL and see if anything happens?

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The New Books

(*Continued from page 24*)

wreck; and of the latter how Fulton Oursler had a duck made into a D.D., and of the struggle with a gang of violent phony mediums which was decided for the cause of virtue by the detective's wife who set a scoundrel's beard on fire.

F. P.

A PEARL IN EVERY OYSTER. By Frank Sullivan. Little Brown. 1938. $2.

Mr. Sullivan is well known to magazine readers as the Cliché Expert. His humor is based on the idea that if you keep a chestnut long enough, it will become a pearl. Only a man with an extraordinary ear for language could have acquired so many clichés, and the shock of discovering so many in his midst—like termites—destroyed not the keenness of his ear but the justice of his judgment.

Thus it happens that Mr. Sullivan's ear has betrayed him. Whether he writes as Cliché Expert or as simple raconteur, and he is both in this book, his song is that of the starling—a medley of the songs of other birds sung after the original singers have gone south. Mr. Sullivan is an echo but not a voice. You hear Lardner, Beerbohm, Wodehouse, and many others half realized, half recognized. Here are also the voices of your friends at their worst; for Mr. Sullivan is a mimic without shame, so that his reader blushes often, laughs too seldom, and continues to read in the spirit in which he would listen in on a party-line.

L. T.

EDEN ON A COUNTRY HILL. By Ruth Cross. Kinsey. 1938. $2.

"This is a practical book for those of limited means who long for a place in the country. What to do with an old house and how to plan a new garden." As far as it goes, this jacket copy is accurate, but it does not warn the reader that the author and her husband have health, courage, enterprise, ingenuity, persistence, and taste—all beyond the average—and apparently no dependents.

Ten years ago they bought a place near Litchfield, Conn., largely on borrowed money. They sold some land and timber, and have made some money from rent and from a small nursery business. They have put about $7,500 into improvements, and have a place worth $15,000. Mostly by themselves, they have rebuilt one house, built another, and done a big and good job of gardening and landscaping. (Their only animal is one cat.) In pleasure and growth they have been equally successful.

Gardening and home-making are not to our mind the most interesting parts of country life, but we know enough about them to recognize a first-class job, like this one, when we see it, or read between the lines.

We are compelled to add that as a writer, this author is an excellent gardener and home-maker. It is better this way, in this book, than the other way around! But the proportions of whimsy, nature-ecstasy, and "folksy" dialogue are huge.

C. A. S.

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PERSONALS

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PERSONALS

PHOTOGRAPHER, age 25, 8 years' experience unusual portrait, fashion, architectural, aerial and news. Praised and reprinted by the Bowling Green. Stabilized by wife and 2 offspring. Devotion, energy, originality. Urgently needs new opportunities. KRAVITT, Box 25-D.

INFORMATION PLEASE? Which New York City hotel appeals to literary people because it is near riding trails and ponds and trees; away from traffic's jangling tangle; yet only across the street from the Hayden Planetarium, two minutes from the American Museum of Natural History, and fifteen each from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the New York Public Library in the heart of town? The answer is the Hotel Standish Hall, situated just off Central Park at 45 West 81st Street. Several rooms cost no more than one at many midtown caravansaries. Newly furnished and decorated 1 room apartment and suites—parlor, bedroom, bath—from $75 to $190 a month. Rate by the day or week as well. Kitchens in the suites have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery. But the hotel has an excellent dining room. (Caution: Make 1939 World's Fair reservations early.) Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing. Harry A. Day, Manager.

WANTED: IN WASHINGTON, D. C. Unknick-knacked studio or alcoved room with bath and cupoftea possibilities. Ground floor or in building with elevator. Direct trolley route to Interior Building: by Depression-caught professional woman. Social training, degrees, life abroad in background. Guarantee no cigarette burns or marred furniture. Might share apartment. Box 12-D.

WRITER, 21, strong, congenial, wants full or part time job. Box 13-D.

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BACHELOR, 29, interested in literature, detests ruts! Degreed, pedigreed! Invites invigorating correspondence. Box 15-D.

YOUNG MAN, 27, with legal education, experience, some capital, desires purchase of active interest in any business. Box 16-D.

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YOUNG MAN, 30, lawyer, wide cultural activities, recently returned Mexico, drive own car Florida for expenses. Best references. Box 19-D.

UTOPIAN, seeks other utopians, to share Ideas and organize. Box 20-D.

YOUNG WOMAN desires position as manuscript reader. Excellent background and references. Box 21-D.

MIDDLE-AGED TEACHER, University graduate, wants change of scenery and work. West preferred. Write. Box 22-D.

NO, NO, the plates are mostly gone, but there still are selected English tavern pewter measures, large and small. Now that the South Kensington displays them, they are being collected. Sleepy Hollow Bookshop, 71 Irving Place. Books and cards too, of course.

EXCELLENT SECRETARY available as author's assistant; research, editorial, promotion background; intelligent, alert, attractive, well read, experienced. Full or part time. Box 23-D.

BARNARD GRADUATE, secretarial experience; wants start literary field. Box 24-D.

Double-Crostics: No. 244

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1-N	2-B	3-L	4-A	5-O	■	6-W	7-S	8-T	9-K	10-Y	11-M	■	12-G	13-X	■	14-E	15-U
16-N	17-B	18-G	■	19-T	20-K	21-A	22-E	■	23-H	24-D	25-F	■	26-X	27-C	■	28-C	29-D
■	30-U	31-P	32-A	33-Y	■	34-Q	35-V	36-I	■	37-R	38-G	39-I	■	40-F	41-H	42-V	43-M
■	44-R	45-I	46-H	47-F	48-D	■	49-W	50-T	51-B	■	52-Q	53-J	54-W	55-X	56-O	57-E	■
58-N	59-A	60-S	61-X	■	62-N	63-P	64-J	65-C	66-Q	67-A	■	68-M	69-C	70-A	71-I	■	72-U
73-L	74-B	■	75-C	76-I	77-B	■	78-E	79-Q	■	80-G	81-C	82-F	83-K	84-R	■	85-A	86-B
87-R	■	88-W	89-B	90-S	91-M	■	92-X	93-G	■	94-W	95-Y	96-H	97-E	98-D	99-M	100-U	■
101-T	102-V	103-B	104-S	■	105-T	106-V	107-W	■	108-S	109-B	110-X	■	111-M	112-F	113-A	114-W	■
115-P	116-O	117-U	■	118-D	119-Q	120-W	■	121-G	122-K	123-M	124-E	125-S	126-J	127-O	■	128-C	129-A
130-X	■	131-F	132-G	133-J	134-H	135-V	136-R	137-K	138-L	■	139-I	140-Y	141-G	142-M	143-E	144-P	145-J
146-O	147-Q	■	148-B	149-N	■	150-H	151-T	152-Y	153-K	154-D	155-Q	■	156-X	157-L	■	158-M	159-U
160-J	161-P	162-N	■	163-P	164-C	165-X	166-H	■	167-J	168-M	169-X	■	170-M	171-R	172-X	173-U	■
174-B	■	175-V	176-C	177-O	178-G	179-Q	180-T	181-I	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Serenades with a charivari (U. S.).
B. Poppycock (slang).
C. Not readily molded; stiff.
D. Flinched (colloq.).
E. Smartly or nattily attired.
F. Void of interest or satisfaction.
G. Vents to intense feeling.
H. Resentment.
I. Scrupulous adherence to prescribed forms (2 wds.).
J. Not real or actual.
K. Depicted with serpent, owl, aegis.
L. Author of "Essays in Little."
M. To extend to excess.
N. Regards with approval.
O. Mediterranean sea.
P. Fire-God of the Ammonites (Bib.).
Q. Passed swiftly ahead of.
R. Evil spirit possessing man (Jewish folklore).
S. To hypostatize.
T. Historic stone.
U. Volatile variety of petroleum.
V. Culpable negligence.
W. Something or other.
X. To peel; to flay.
Y. Author of "The Tower."

WORDS

70	129	4	59	85	113	21	32	67		
51	109	174	86	2	77	148	89	17	74	103
28	75	81	176	164	27	128	69	65		
29	24	48	98	154	118					
78	97	143	14	124	57	22				
40	112	131	47	25	82					
93	132	12	121	38	141	18	178	80		
41	150	134	23	96	46	166				
181	45	36	39	76	139	71				
167	53	133	64	126	160	145				
83	153	20	9	137	122					
73	3	157	138							
168	111	91	68	170	43	123	99	142	158	11
149	1	62	58	16	162					
116	56	127	146	177	5					
163	63	115	161	144	31					
79	52	66	155	147	34	119	179			
87	136	37	44	171	84					
60	90	108	125	7	104					
8	50	105	180	19	101	151				
100	72	117	173	30	159	15				
135	35	175	102	106	42					
6	49	114	107	94	54	88	120			
165	110	55	13	61	92	156	172	26	169	130
33	95	140	152	10						

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